

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section—Boston Advertiser

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Week of January 11, 1942

The Course of True Love

By Alastair K. Macdonald
Verses by Phyllis McGinley



2—With one she went strolling
When weathers were warm,
And heard him extolling
Her infinite charm.



4—So mad from Love's twists,
And fired by Love's fuel,
They brandished their fists
And they called for a duel.



3—But next day he spied her
Mid flowers and fruit,
With his rival beside her
Declaring his suit.



8—And by the eternal,
Whirl what were they faced!
The girl and their Colonel,
His arm round her waist.



1—This tale of a quarrel
Twist two cavaliers,
I think, has a moral
Undimmed by the years.
For love of a maid
Both flirtation and pretty,
They sulked while she played
A romantic ditty.
The toast of the region,
Sweetest, lady of fashion,
She lapped on her instrument—they
on their passion.

5—Apology scorning,
The foolish young lords—
They met in the morning
With seconds and swords.



7—Though I'm pleased to assert
Of those bold cavaliers,
That they really weren't hurt
Very badly, my dears.
In fact, (runs the tale, still)
When twilight grew shady,
They managed, though pale,
still,
To call on their lady.



6—Their blades how they flashed! How their courage ran high!
How they fought till the sun was ascending the sky!
And when it was over each lay on the grass,
Two gentlemen wounded for love of a lass.



9—They fled
from that sight,
Their affections uprooting,
And the soft summer night
Saw them gravely saluting.

10—With a bottle of wine, with a jist and a jape,
Together they drank to their narrow escape.
And here is the moral and this is the catch:
No love affair's lucky with three on a match.



Reducing the Fever in the Biggest Thing Built by Man Was a Job That Took Careful Planning and an Elaborate System of Pipes and Thermometers.

\$1,400,000 to Cure One Patient of a Fever

TAKING the temperature of the biggest man-made thing on earth—and reducing a fever—in the steel and concrete monster—is the hardest job of its kind ever undertaken by engineers. The "patient" is the Grand Coulee dam on the Columbia river in the State of Washington.

While unaided by the patient's usual protruding tongue and groaning "Ah-h," the Bureau of Reclamation, United States Department of the Interior, has just announced successful temperature readings and reports that the fever has abated sufficiently to allow the unimaginably powerful patient to go to work.

Described by the Bureau as the "Eighth Wonder of the World," this mighty structure contains enough cement to fill a train 400 miles long and enough sand and gravel to fill a freight train extending from coast to coast—trains with the caboose a thousand miles into either ocean. The dam's base covers 40 acres, dwarfing such ambitious undertakings as Shasta and Boulder dams.

Temperature in concrete results from the expansion of the mixture during the hardening process and from contraction as the concrete cools. The cooling of a mass of concrete as huge as Grand Coulee would take, ordinarily, a hundred years. During the cooling period, the dam would continue to contract and crack.

Temperatures as high as 132 degrees Fahrenheit were recorded in Grand Coulee's early life. The engineering medics were of the opinion that their gigantic patient must ultimately have its temperature lowered to the mean annual air and water temperature to which it was exposed in order to eliminate its, and their own, headaches.

Cracks in a structure like Grand Coulee would expose distribution of stress impossible and water leakage present an annoying and costly maintenance problem. Besides, a hundred years is a long time to wait in go-getting America. It was determined that by having the giant's brow and cooling its insides the temperature could be brought down to normal, eliminating at least 25 years of harmful, if not dangerous, contraction.

Cooling operations and the taking of temperatures were started in December, 1938, and continued up to early last year. Two types of resistance thermometers were used. One thousand two hundred and seventy-three of one kind were inserted in the big fellow at locations which would give representative temperatures, and the second type was placed in the ends of cooling coils in shafts.

These thermometers were hooked up with a big terminal board so that "doctors" in the day and night could read the temperatures of all parts of the patient's towering and sprawling body in terms of degrees Fahrenheit.

It wasn't enough just to have the patient's temperature. Means of reducing the feverish condition must be devised. While some doctors use sweat baths and quinine to bring down temperatures, the engineering medics knew the peculiar antipathy of their patient in such measures. So they worked from the inside out instead of from the outside in.

The water in Grand Coulee Reservoir has a mean annual temperature of 49 degrees, down to 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The temperature of the water flowing into the reservoir varied during the year from 35 to 65 degrees, with lowest temperatures from December to March.

The artificial lowering of Grand Coulee's temperature involved the use of the cold waters of the Columbia river and one-inch coils of tubing, in lengths from 650 to 1,200 feet, imbedded in the concrete. Horizontal pipes, five or six inches apart, were placed on each five-foot lift of concrete after it had hardened. These were anchored by wire hoops buried in the concrete during its plastic state.

Specialty designed couplings connected the lengths of tubing. Pumps located on barges in the reservoir pumped water from upstream through the coils and pipes continuously for three months.

The first 11 months of treatment brought the temperature of the dam from 99 degrees down to 34 degrees Fahrenheit. After a few adjustments were made to the circulatory system, recovery was more rapid. It cost about \$1,400,000 to take the temperature and cool Grand Coulee's turbulent "insides," but the successful results can hardly be measured in terms of dollars. There are very few cracks anywhere in the tremendous structure and none which extend completely through blocks of concrete.

From bedrock to the roadway on top of the dam, the height is one and a half city blocks. If all the other concrete dams in the United States were lumped together, Grand Coulee would still be top in its class.

When all 18 of the dam's generators are in place, it will take 2,700,000 galloping horses to equal their power. Lined up eight abreast on a highway, 2,700,000 horses would create a traffic jam 90 miles long.

One generator is capable of supplying enough current for an industrial city of 200,000 inhabitants. The first generator alone is furnishing power to a manufacturing plant 300 miles away on the lower Columbia.

The largest pumps ever built will turn part of the river into the prehistoric Colorado gorge, where it will be held by two dikes. Canals will spread the water over 1,200,000 acres of arid land and turn sagebrush desert into farms and homes to mark the beginning of a new epoch of harnessing Nature to the needs of man.

His Husband No. 6 For The African Queen With 34 Sons

"MARRYING Mary" as she is known to the whites along the African Ivory Coast is about to take her sixth husband, although she is 57 in a land where women are considered ancient at 35. "Marrying Mary" real name is Marruri, and she is the undisputed queen of the native town of Gungur, about 150 miles inland.

For the ceremony, Queen Marruri has commissioned her old friend, Billy Tyman, to fetch her a complete European trousseau from Birminghams, the big city of the Ivory Coast and the nearest place where such things can be had. The queen knows exactly what she wants for, with her order, she handed Mr. Tyman a batch of marked English and French fashion magazines, some as old as ten years.

Billy Tyman has personally known the queen since before the first World War. From those when he found for the natives in 1910, he heard the earlier portion of Her Majesty's story. Tyman, who trades in ivory and hides and often acts as unofficial go-between for the natives in their business with the white govern-

ment, has closely watched Marruri's career, and has even taken some part in it.

The queen was first married about 1896 at the age of 12 to a better-than-average Fanti hunter, who bought her from her Aswanti father for eight five-pound sticks of salt, two elephant tusks and a cow. The girl must have been an exceptional beauty—and a terribly hard worker—to fetch so high a price.

Between 1896 and 1903, when her first husband died mysteriously, Marruri had six sons. Widows, especially those with six tiny tots, are not sought for marriage in the ivory lands of Africa. Marruri, however, so it was rumored, had provided her husband to unusual success for a girl who had inherited his entire fortune. No one knew just how many ivory tusks were buried in her own head.

But, the five cova outside were quite a snugly huddled husband.

So in 1903 she married the young son of a Gungur sub chief, a brilliant lad of whom much was expected. A little over a year later the boy's father died and, although the sub chiefdom was not hereditary, it fell to him, thanks to the shrewd whispering and promises of Marruri. By clever deals that Marruri supervised their herd grew and her husband rose in power. Their marriage lasted 12 years and then he, too, died, as mysteriously as had his predecessor and his wife was made as a wife, but with his eye on her wealth, old chief Urbatti, of Gungur, offered to make her his second wife and Marruri accepted his proposal. A year later she was dead and Marruri ruled the chief's household. A year later she was ruling Gungur—although in Urbatti's name.

About this time Marruri and Tyman formed a sort of partnership. The supply of ivory was running low and the several traders in the vicinity competed with each other

to get the valuable tusks first. Billy Tyman supplied Marruri with the necessary funds to bribe natives in dozens of nearby villages to bring her word as soon as tusks were obtainable. For each tusk Tyman thus purchased the Queen got her small rakeback which, multiplied by several hundred tusks each year, grew to a goodly sum.

In 1928 Urbatti suddenly sickened and died, all in 12 hours. Although he was fairly advanced age everyone had considered him good for another 10 years at least. When a Fanti chief dies his rank and his estate go to the son of his choice. But that's exactly what did not happen this time. Marruri's adherents on the very night the chief died, surrounded and cut off the village's water supply. Nor would they permit any one to leave the village to get water elsewhere.

With spears and burning brands they held the villagers at bay, and next morning 100 householders swore allegiance to Marruri by banging their heads against her knees and stroking her shoulders. Resistance was impossible for fear of water.

Marruri commanded an army made up of grown, married sons and their male relatives by marriage as well as others sworn to her banner by rich promises that were kept.

The Gungurs kept their peace for more than a year for Marruri's hand held the water. Before Urbatti died he had offered her that he chose his eldest son, Hunba, to succeed him, and to Hunba's people cried out. One night Hunba managed to elude the Marrurian guard and escape to a nearby village that didn't love the Gungur queen. He promised the local chieftain every son and marriage relative of Marruri as well as a secret agreement that he would help him regain his inheritance. The chief promised, not knowing that one of his councilmen was a secret agent of Marruri.

When Hunba was brought before Marruri after a four-day chase he was a sorry sight. The jungle had torn and bruised him in a hundred places and he was filthy, filthy and thirsty.

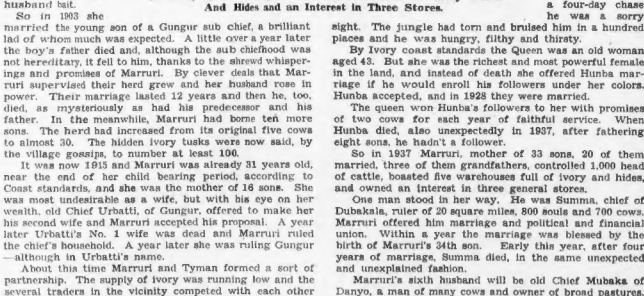
By ivory coast standards the Queen was an old woman aged 43. But she was the richest and most powerful female in the land, and instead of death she offered Hunba marriage, if he would enroll his followers under her colors. Hunba accepted, and in 1929 they were married.

The queen won Hunba's followers to her with promises of ivory for each year of faithful service. When Hunba died, also unexpectedly in 1937, after fathering eight sons, he hadn't a follower.

One man stood in her way. He was Summa, chief of Dabekala, ruler of 20 square miles, 800 souls and 700 cows. Marruri offered him marriage and political and financial union. Within a year the marriage was consummated and the birth of Marruri's 34th son. Early this year, after four years of marriage, Summa died, in the same unexpected and unexplained fashion.

Marruri's sixth husband will be old chief Mbuka of Danyo, a man of many cows and owner of broad pastures.

When Queen Marruri's Fifth Husband Died She Had Amassed a Family of 34 Sons, 1,700 Cattle, Five Warehouses Full of Ivory Tusks



Why Saboteurs Stay Away From One U.S. Radio Station

GUARDING Uncle Sam's powerful naval radio station at Annapolis, Maryland, are three of the world's fiercest watchdogs.

They are "choban kopeks," or Turkish sheep dogs, and the original pair were presented in 1938 to the United States Department of Agriculture by His Excellency Mehmet Munir Ertug, Turkish Ambassador to Washington.

Now used in training experiments in the so-called "college course for dogs," conducted by the Bureau of Animal Industry at Beltsville, Maryland, these imported canines are ruggedly independent, defiant of orders, and dangerous to trespassers.

So when the Navy Department made a request for the best available watchdogs to guard its key radio station—the nerve communication center of naval outposts and ships at sea—these Turkish dogs got the job. Comparable in size to German police dogs, they are brown, coat with black stripes and are positively one-man dogs.

"If you ventured around this radio station at night when these dogs were loose you simply wouldn't come back alive," says one scientist at the Bureau of Animal

Industry near the nation's capital.

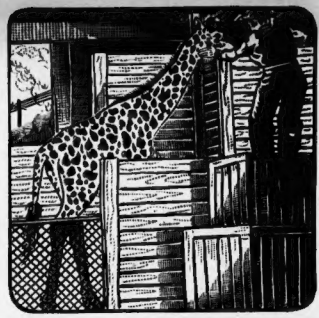
Three years' stay at the Beltsville breeding station has failed to change their attitude toward strangers, and a new appointee at the Government laboratory was badly bitten because he did not properly introduce himself to them. However, the choban kopeks show an amiable disposition toward their master, are nervously stable, keep cool in emergencies and live up to their good reputation as excellent herders of Turkish sheep.

They weigh 75 pounds each, have large legs to support their relatively massive bodies, are heavy eaters and rugged. They are natives of the Euxine district of East Central Turkey, where they have been bred for centuries. Their nearest relatives are the Tibetan mastiffs.

As guardians of the Annapolis Radio Station these watchdogs are unleashed only at night—ready to take care of saboteur or spy.

To reassure regular attendees at the Naval Radio Station who may be afraid to come to work at night, the geneticists of the Department of Agriculture minimize any possibility of these canines attacking anyone except unauthorized intruders.

The Canine Guards Are Unleashed Only at Night—and No One Gets by Them.



A Special Cage Had to Be Built for the Towering Traveler So That His Long Neck Could Be Carried at a Comfortable Angle.

The Fussiest Travelers Ready Aren't Human

DEMANDING more attention and pampering than the most exacting human passengers, an increasing number of feathered, finny and four-footed travelers are riding the rails today, adding greatly to the gray hairs of the agents who arrange their transportation.

They make the most exacting of all travel. They are equipped tank cars to carefully upholstered stall cars and many of them get more service en route than a crochety old maid in mortal fear of drafts or an eccentric millionaire who is accustomed to the service of a butler.

"America's fussiest travelers are not human beings but animals, both wild and domestic," says S. W. Todd of the Railway Express Company, "and the more exacting may be divided into three general classes."

"The first are the wild animals which include everything from pandas to giraffes. The second are the more aristocratic domestic animals, such as race horses, show dogs and show cats. And the third fish. You'd be surprised at the amount of planning and work behind the simple live fish' sign in a merchant's window."

An explorer or a wild animal collector may spend months in a remote section of China, capturing a panda in the jungles of Africa on the trail of a pygmy elephant or porcupine, or in the Komodos hunting giant lizards. But a good part of his effort is wasted if he cannot deliver his catch alive and well to the zoo or circus which ordered it.

By the time a wild animal has landed in the United States from some foreign port to be shipped by rail to the purchaser, it not only may be fussy and cranky but just about ready to give up the ghost.

Many wild animals are so dangerous or shy that they have to be kept cooped up on the long journey by steaming stacks of them get seasick. They have been placed in so-called "captive diet" which is substituted for the food which they obtained for themselves in the wild. They have had to get used to changes in climate and surroundings. And finally, if they have been given food, they must be quarantined for 15 days before being admitted into the United States. After all this they may have a railroad journey of several hundred miles ahead of them. And that's where the railway express agent's headache starts.

"Take a giraffe, for example," says Mr. Todd. "There's an animal with an outsize neck which furnishes a physical problem in railway transportation. Recently we shipped a baby giraffe, two years old, to a zoo in Pittsburgh. But the 'baby' stood 11 feet high."

"A special cage was constructed for the giraffe in which its neck was guided forward at an angle which was comfortable for it. By this means it was possible to get it in a railroad car. Putting the cage on a truck at Pittsburgh called for a considerable amount of ingenuity and when this was finally accomplished the truck had to be carefully routed around the city so that curious spectators would not tie up traffic. A pilot car, manned by men from the electric light company, preceded the truck to make sure that the giraffe's neck would not get caught in any low wires."

For sheer weight, elephants are a problem. An elephant up to 1,000 pounds must be shipped graded. Above that weight he occupies an entire car himself, or with others of his kind for the shipper must pay for a minimum of 12,000 pounds of elephant in carload lots. Unrattled elephants are walked up to a car and coaxed to enter under their own power.

Pandas, because of their great value, receive special attention and are heavily insured. A panda recently shipped to the St. Louis Zoo made the journey in a car stocked with ice upon which electric fans played to supply refreshing breezes of just the right temperature.

Camels are prima donnas. If they are not kept happy in transit they'll either spit in the attendant's eye or grab him by the arm or coat collar and lift him off his feet.

Gorillas require air conditioned cages of exceptional strength and their cousins, the monkeys, show great ingenuity in getting out of anything but an escape-proof crate.

The big cats, lions and tigers are unusually surly and their cages require extensive hand-to-hand work. They can suddenly slip out between bars and grab an attendant. Smaller cats such as leopards and wild cats have to be treated with equal respect.

Some housewives insist on obtaining live fish for food. That's why there is considerable railroad traffic in live edible fish traveling from the Midwest to New York City. These finny passengers are packed in special cars, usually tank cars whose water is kept at the proper temperature.

Race horses travel in padded stall cars. As many as 16 horses and six attendants may ride in one car. Mr. Todd points out that only one of these horses on New York to a track in Florida or California from New York may be entered for a celebrated race. The others go along to keep the star happy.

Express agents must be prepared to meet every possible contingency as quickly as did one chaperoning a prize nanny goat from Winchester, Virginia, to Jacksonville, Florida, recently. The goat began bleating piteously and the agent looked at it with a practiced eye.

"Needs milking," he said to himself. "Saw a man milk a cow once. Probably the same method. Here goes."

He went right to work and the goat stopped bleating.

Inside Story of King Leopold's Tragic New Love

By PRINCESS AMELIE KARAPOW,
Author of "I Watched the Old World Crumble," Published in The American Weekly.

WITH the announcement of the marriage of the tragic young monarch, King Leopold of the Belgians, to the commoner, Mile. Mary Lella Baels, "Mile. Jacqueline" as she is known to her friends, in the world of sports, a love story poignant and self-sacrificing, even noble, reaches the end of the chapter.

Today, at least, all the details may be told, many of which it seemed better not to include, when I first told this Belgian love story six months ago in The American Weekly in my memoirs, "I Watched the Old World Crumble."

At that time, in the chapter devoted to the life and loves of the young King of the Belgians, I revealed that when the Germans shut King Leopold up in polite imprisonment at Chateau de Clermont, Hitler himself wired to ask what he could do to ease the monarch's confinement.

And Leopold asked for the companionship of Jacqueline. But when I told this, and much that went before it, many good Belgians disapproved the story. In their country, they said, the sovereign preserved the distance between king and commoner.

These dissenters were, however, the dourly burghers who venerated the King as sovereign, rather than knew him as man. The inner court circle, though dispersed across the world, yet knew something of this royal romance.

Nor were they surprised at the eventual marriage of King Leopold and the young sportswoman, his subject. All the events of Leopold's career, since that tragic morning when he mourned by the roadside the dead young wife killed in the automobile he had been driving, pointed to this marriage. And, denied a comforting marriage, the King might have settled into a melancholy bordering on mania.

The court circle had seen La Baels or Mile. Jacqueline. Many times they had seen her when she was a guest in the royal guest house in the grounds of Laeken Castle, the King's residence. They knew she was invited there with the approval of the dowager Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of her.

In fact they knew the Queen had once asked the young sportsman to "take pity on my son. Be to him as his wife."

To this they said, Mile. Baels had replied, sorrowing—"I cannot. My dear father has arranged a marriage for me. I cannot hurt my father, and I would not hurt my love."

For this girl, whose father had risen from the people, had been brought up in all the old peasant virtues. And M. H. L. Baels, former Belgian minister, was proud and loving and solicitous for his beloved daughter.

Yet after La Baels had returned her sorrowing denial, she was seen much in the company of King Leopold. Once she and "Count Rell," which was the King's incognito on holiday, nearly escaped rather raucous publicity, at Cannes.

It was in the Casino. Mile. Baels was taking a turn at the wheel. The King at that time, when a certain enormous wealth and able and eccentric Belgian industrialist spied her. At once he went an underling to her with a note and ten, form-in-halfes one thousand franc notes.

"If Mademoiselle will breakfast with him who sends these notes, she may have the other halves," wrote the eccentric millionaire.

Mile. Baels read, flushed angrily, then handed the letter to her companion. Immediately they crossed to their table and then, as the bright red flooded her young cheeks, she lifted the torn notes and, in sight of all, held them up to the match her companion had ignited. They burned, beyond redemption, while the whole room gasped.

"Who is this lovely girl? And who is this moody Count Rell?" everybody asked.

But, at once, the pair had made their exit



Mile. Baels Took the Thousands of Francs in Notes So Insultingly Offered Her and With Leopold, Walked Over to the Table of the Millionaire Who Had Sent Them and Burned Them Up Before His Eyes.



The New Uncrowned Queen of the Belgians, Mary Lella Baels, the Commoner's Daughter, Heroine of This Strangest of Royal Love Stories.

from the Casino and Cannes. Nor did these people then find out the way the King had met the lovely young lady... the story I told six months ago for the first time.

But, perhaps, the story of Leopold, himself, precedes that. After a war service in the second line trenches, at the age of thirteen, King Leopold the war done, eventually made a marriage which delighted his parents and people, which brought heartease to his introverted self. He met his wife, Princess Astrid of Sweden, at Kitzbühl, where all Europe goes for Winter sports.

As Count Rell, his incognito, accompanied by only two of his suite, he stood one afternoon in the clear, bright Winter sunlight, watching a tall girl jump flying down the ski run, make a gallant jump and slide to the end of the course, to win the Prize in the Women's Class.

That was the first time Leopold saw Astrid. Later he was presented to her and soon afterwards followed her to Sweden to woo her. Astrid helped in the first supper they ate together in her parents' Stockholm apart-

ment. Soon they were married. And when the first baby arrived, Queen Astrid, herself, prepared his formula and gave it to his bath. This shocked the court circle but pleased the people.

The marriage was happy, peaceful, satisfying. And when King Albert died so tragically while mountain climbing, the young Queen comforted her stricken husband. Later, after a long period of over-devotion to the kindly duties, the royal pair went off on a second honeymoon. Leopold was driving the car which crashed, killing the Queen.

He was harassed with remorse. He blamed himself. He could find no peace in all the world. He lived with his sorrows and his accusing memories. Finally, he wanted to give up the throne, but his mother dissuaded him.

He remained on the throne only because he felt it was his duty—and the sad years dragged on. Then one day he went again to Kitzbühl, because his mother insisted he needed a vacation.

Once more he stood as Count Rell, watching the start down the ski run. And then, SHE came.

In blinding red ski trousers and a scarf of hunter's green, Mary Lella Baels came

The Late Queen Astrid, Whose Death Leopold Mourned So Long; the Remembrance Between Her and the Girl He Has Just Married Is Here Most Strikingly Shown.

flying down the run, while people whispered: "Watch La Baels. Watch her take that jump."

And she won the prize, as had the dead young Queen, ten years before. So, no wonder, Leopold asked to be presented to her, that evening at the Club House. Leopold stayed three days more at Kitzbühl, during which he staid and staid and drove and walked with Mile. Baels. And the two members of his suite who had accompanied him knew at once. In this flaming, merry, tender girl he was seeing That Other.

That evening before he must leave, he told her:

"I am not who you think I am." Before this news, she went pale. Then, softly, she said:

"It was good to have known you, Bire."

Plainly she showed him she realized the grief which separates king and commoner. At that, he hastened to reassure her. They would be friends for life. He would arrange meetings... he would write her from Brussels. For she was going up to her father's Paris apartment, for the open season.

He did write her, daily. He did fly up to Paris, for a few snatched hours. But "there was nothing between them," the court circle soon realized. Nothing but tender love.

And the young King's heart was in conflict.

"I know I cannot marry her and reign," he said, "so I will step down. Let Brother Charles carry on."

But Queen Elizabeth was sad and troubled. Finally she suggested it might be his loneliness, his young man's need for a wife, rather than his need for this particular girl, which was giving him little peace. She urged him to travel, meet eligible girls. He did. Lady Mary Cavendish Bentinck, of England, the Italian royal princesses. But it was in vain. He wanted only one girl, Mile. Baels.

The Queen then took counsel with her own heart. She reflected that other Belgian Kings had had beloved commoners living near Laeken Palace, in fact, living in the lodge now used as a guest house. Why not invite the young woman to occupy the lodge?

Mile. Baels was guest in the royal guest house. She and the King walked in the park at Laeken; they spent evenings together, the center of the young court circle. But always, always, they clung to the proprieties, everyone believed. And the Queen Mother watched and approved.

Finally Mile. Baels said good-by. Then, again, the young King brooded, locking himself up in the dark places of his heart, till at last Queen Elizabeth decided she must do something.

She went to Paris, put up at the Ritz, sent for the girl. She came, that glorious, tall girl. And the Queen began. There were hard,

The Princess Karapow Reveals at Last the Moving Details of the Captive Monarch's Marriage With the Commoner's Daughter Who Has Long Taken His Beautiful Queen's Place in His Heart



Leopold and His Mother, Whose Heartbroken Pleas to Mademoiselle Baels to Go Comfort Her Son in His Captivity Have Met Success.

stem rules for kings, said Queen Elizabeth of Belgium. And sometimes, when a king's heart was irrevocably given, it was well to overlook proprieties which must always had commoner people who may marry freely. Poor King Leopold had suffered cruelly in his life. Now he had found somebody he wanted ardently.

"You are that girl," said the Queen. Then her mother's solicitude overwhelmed her reserve. And she cried:

"It is not good for a young man to live alone. My son needs the love and pity of a wife. Oh, my son, cannot you find it in your heart to take pity on him?"

The answer of the girl has already been given.

"My father has arranged a marriage for me. I do not want to hurt my father. And I do not want to hurt my love."

So, sadly, the matter stood. They were friends, those two, but the simple virtue of the girl and the rigid rules of Belgian royalty, kept them apart. Then came the war. Almost overnight, the moody King faced crisis, tragedy, catastrophe. The Germans were slaughtering his people. His helpless army, without food or arms, was being atrociously sacrificed.

Finally Leopold, by his legal right as monarch, called the sacrifice off by surrendering unconditionally to the Germans. At once he was ordered into captivity at Chateau de Clermont. But, so quickly had he surrendered, so according to the German time table, that Hitler was disposed to treat him kindly. Hence the famous telegram:

"What can we do to make you comfortable?"

"Send me the young lady, Mile. Baels."

Undoubtedly those Germans saw in that answer what the French call "une affaire de coeur." At any rate, Hitler sent out his scouts. The girl, they found, had come to Paris, thence to England, where she had been educated and was at home.

By the grapevine the Germans finally conveyed to her the King's wish. That was in August, 1941. Within a few days, she had left for Belgium, just as August was ebbing into September. None were present at that first interview between her and the King. But, in the Chapel at Laeken, early in September, 1941, so soon as the papers could be drawn up, the signatures secured, Jacqueline and Leopold were married.

In the marriage contract she signed away all claim to the throne for any children she might bear. And, after three months retirement at Laeken, the King requested Cardinal Van Rooy of Belgium to announce his marriage in all the churches in the land. It also was announced, then, that December 11 the King and his Queen would have pronounced a second ceremony—a civil marriage.

Belgians everywhere, hearing the news, said the war was changing many things. Many were hardly pleased. But when the King's subjects came to realize the goodness and common sense and kindness of the new Queen, they will take her to their hearts, people who know her, believe.

Those who know the royal couple say that the marriage will mean a better fortune for Belgium in the better day that will surely come. For sensitive and melancholy, Leopold is a man most dependent upon the cherishing of a loving, cheerful wife.

WHERE STRIP TEASERS GET THEIR GOWNS

In the Two Photographs Below Designer Billy Livingstone Is Shown With One of His Most Fastidious Customers, Beginning on an Expensive Strip Tease Gown and, at the Left, Putting On a Necklace as a Finishing Touch to the Ensemble. Incidentally, the Necklace Is the Only Part of the Costume That Won't Come Off Easily.



Many of These Expensive On-Again-Off-Again Outfits Are Designed by a Man Who Handles Zippers, Snaps and Strings Like an Artist

THE nation's burlesque fans, of whom there are thousands, know all the times-worn gags of the comedians and the tantalizing technique of the shapely queens of the strip tease. What they don't know is that there is more than meets the eye in those streamlined and glimmering gowns that the strippers seductively peel off a little at a time.

The man who understands these on-again-off-again outfits to the last cleverly concealed snap and zipper is Billy Livingstone, because he designs these intricate and alluring ensembles. It might seem to the devotee of burlesque that the stars who entertain him with generous eye-balls of the so-called Porn Divine can walk into any woman's shop or department store and pick up the gowns they wear—but not much behind the footlights. Such is not the case. The top-flight stars of the stripping profession—Gypsy Rose Lee, Margie Hart, Ann Corio and Jessica Rogers, to name a few—like to think that they have made something of an art of the strip tease. And special, made-to-measure costumes are necessary, it seems, to the practice of this art in its highest and purest form.

Mr. Livingstone concurs completely in this professional opinion. He'd be a disillusioned designer if he didn't—because some of the outfits that he designs for the stars who come out in a big way at night, and in the afternoon, too, cost as much as \$2,000.

The best of material goes into his creations, but a generous part of the price he charges for a dress is recompense for his talent and ingenuity. None of the clever contrivers of pre-war Paris has anything on the New Yorker whose subtle dressmaking tricks help keep the strippers in the spotlight and the big money.

The first step is to draw an original design for the dress—as one of the photographs on this page shows. The next step is to translate the design into an actual outfit which brings out the best in the strip tease queen's figure. Mr. Livingstone does this part of the job in person, as the two pictures at the top of the page interestingly show.

The designer is familiar with the strip tease technique of each of his patrons and equips the dresses he makes for them with zippers, snaps and ties in exactly the right places and in such a way that they are not visible to the patrons of one of the world's oldest forms of theatrical entertainment.

The wear and tear on such expensive costumes is considerable, even though one of the \$2,000 outfits usually is handed on to some lesser strip-tease artist after three months use by a star.

During this time the outfit is off much more than it is on, because the stripper wears it only for about five minutes at a time, five or six times a

day. This means that one of Mr. Livingstone's costly creations becomes second-hand when it has seen the equivalent of two days' wear.

The outfit is not, however, thrown away. It is passed on to some other

The Picture at the Right Shows the Completed Costume Being Tested for Efficiency. The Burlesque Queen for Whom It Was Designed Finds That All the Cleverly Hidden Snaps and Zippers Work Perfectly.



Blitz Bedrooms for 4,000,000 People

BLITZ bedrooms are London's latest answer to German night bombing attacks. The idea of building underground sleeping quarters for the British capital's population was developed after repeated Luftwaffe day-to-day attacks showed that workers, who sat up all night in shelters, could not reach their full efficiency next day in the factories.

The latest official defense survey of the city shows that more than 4,700,000 people—about 80 per cent of London's civil defense region—can now find sleeping quarters in air raid shelters scattered throughout the city. During the past summer, more than a million bunkers were built in underground shelters, subway, and the

basements of the larger stone-and-steel buildings.

In addition to the so-called "blitz bedrooms," Air Raid Precaution officials have continued to issue the mail-bag-like individual shelters for Londoners' back-yards at the rate of 800 a month. The recent hull in German raids have enabled British officials to bring their civilian defense machinery to its highest peak since the war began.

Adequate feeding facilities for victims bombed out of their homes have also been provided. Permanent kitchens now can handle more than 2,000 people, and 533 canteens have been constructed for districts heavily sunk by the Luftwaffe.

Medicine Men vs. Doctors

A DRAMATIC showdown between Indian medicine men and physicians—with a baby's life at stake—took place recently in Colorado when the Havasupai tribe in the village of Supai put both to the test.

The critical illness of a little papoose, who had contracted pneumonia following measles, precipitated the battle between modern medicine and the aged-old Indian healing ceremonies. Primitive in many ways, isolated as they are from the white man's world by the mile high cliffs of the Grand Canyon, the Havasupai still resort to their traditional "sing" to drive away the evil spirits of illness.

When 35 cases of measles had developed among the 200 tribal members, the younger braves, better educated than their elders, held a pow-wow and decided to summon white doctors.

The young men, however, were overruled by their elders, and the medicine men of the tribe, decked out in their ceremonial finery, started their weird wailings to rid Supai of the evil "sickness spirits."

The showdown came when the young mother, who realized that her child was dying, urged the younger and rebellious braves to summon white doctors regardless of the elders.

The determination of the young men to call in outside physicians met with the approval of even some of the elders—for already four deaths from pneumonia, developing from measles, had occurred.

Arriving on the scene, the doctors immediately took over, administering salicylates. And while they worked, the medicine men continued their caterwauling. The other members of the tribe watched, with suppressed emotions, the effects of the white man's medicine. Gradually the infant began to show improvement.

When the papoose was out of danger, and other Indians began to get well under the skillful care of the physicians, a general pow-wow was held.

After brief deliberation, the tribal leaders announced, "White man make good medicine. Medicine man make good medicine. Givum both."

Strip Tease Gowns, Even More Than Other Expensive Dresses, Are the Result of Careful Planning. The Photograph at the Right Shows the Original Sketch for the Tricky Theatrical Costume Illustrated in the Other Three Photographs on This Page. Most Burlesque Fans have no Idea That Their Favorite Stars go to Such Expense to Please Them.



Misses People For A Living

STEVE CLEMENTE is neither butcher nor huntman, but appears, knives and axes of every kind are the tools of his trade. With these and his good right arm, to say nothing of an unerring eye, Steve makes from \$75 to \$150 per job. Yes, you've guessed it—he does it for the movies.

Steve has grazed Errol Flynn's ribs with a deadly spear, has snipped a sandwich from Joan Crawford's hands with a razor-edged knife, and has whammed axes within an inch of Gary Cooper's chin. Some of his knives have missed by only half an inch.

"I get \$100 if I miss a person," Steve explains, "and if I don't miss, I'll probably get 20 years in jail. The California laws don't protect me from liability. My skill is my insurance."

Steve has been hurling death-dealing weapons for more than 10 years. He says he has yet to start a funeral or be

responsible for a scalping. "I've missed my mark once or twice," he admits, "but always my error was on the safe side. Whenever I have a close, hard throw where a slip would kill or maim some one, I always allow an inch or two. Then if I fall short, it's away from the person, not into him."

Steve says he adopted his sliding scale of professional rates just a few years ago.

"When I started I did any kind of a job for \$2 each. Then, one day, Wallace Beery put me wise. He told me to charge \$75 minimum, and double that when I had to throw at a star. After all, the nerve strain is much greater when you're working with a big star than with a less important player. If a big star is injured even slightly it delays production, and the studio would never forgive me."

Hung His Lucky Charm Around the Neck of the Loved Wife He Murdered

**Then Dr. Nolan, Poet,
Painter and Too De-
voted Husband, Went
Into the Bathroom,
Opened His Own Veins,
Emptied Them, and Fol-
lowed Her in Death**



The Body of Mrs. Nolan, as It Was Found, Laid Out in Bed, on the Day After Her Husband Had Ceremoniously Murdered Her and Then Fulfilled the Terms of Their Suicide Pact by Slitting His Own Wrist in the Bathtub.

The Mysterious Jade Charm, Carved in the Image of Intertwined Fish, Which Dr. Nolan First Saw in a Bayhead Dream, Later Discovered in a Jewelry Store, and Finally Strung Around the Neck of His Dead Wife.

IT IS doubtful that anyone has ever been murdered in a more tender-hearted or ceremonial manner than the one Dr. Stuart E. Nolan, Los Angeles surgeon, employed a few weeks ago in doing away with his wife. While his friends were somewhat taken aback by this conclusion of the couple's brief but passionate marriage, they felt that the way in which he performed the operation, and then killed himself, was characteristic of the doctor, who was known to be mystical and unusually sensitive.

"Dr. Nolan could not stand the thought of giving pain," said his secretary, Emily LaVoie, on learning of the tragedy. "He would never perform the most trifling service which might hurt a client without first giving an anesthetic."

Nor did this considerate habit desert him on the night of the double killing. Before slitting the wrist of Viola Larson Pengra Nolan, the beautiful model who had become his second wife three months earlier, police say that he rendered the operation painless by administering a local anesthetic. Consequently, it was possible for her to bleed to death with scarcely any discomfort.

The whole thing was done in a neat, medical fashion, as evidenced also by the way in which he caught her dripping blood in a bucket so as not to mess up the floor. They were in the bathroom at the time, both in the nude.

All that distinguished this from an ordinary surgical operation—besides the doctor's lack of clothes—was that it was intended to result not in restored health but in death, and until the moment when death successfully ended it, Dr. Nolan was primarily the medical man.

Then the mystic in him took over. He picked up his wife's drained body—the freckles on her face, neck and arms standing out in startling contrast to the blanched skin around—carried her into the bedroom, set her in a chair at the dressing table and lovingly combed her silky red hair.

Then, placing her gently on the bed, he strung a jade medallion, his own cherished good luck charm, suspended from pink ribbons, around her neck. Carved in the image of two intertwined fish, the charm lay quite still on her motionless breast.

Whatever the reason prompting him to honor her with this final, mysterious decoration, one thing is certain: in so doing, he lifted the performance above the common level of murders, suicide pacts and so on into the realm of high fantasy.

Only one thing remained to be done, and for this he returned to his medical role. Tearing himself away from the contemplation of his wife's lovely form, he re-entered the bathroom, picked up the surgical scissors with which he had cut her right wrist, and, climbing into a tub of warm water, lay back and cut the arteries of his own left wrist.

The following evening a neighbor of the doctor's informed his secretary that lights had been burning in his apartment all day long. Mrs. LaVoie asked her husband to investigate.



Samples of the Art Work in Which Dr. Nolan's Mysticism Found Expression—Vending His Final Expression in Murder and Suicide; at the Top, Two Demolished Wood-Carvings and, Below, a Drawing of the Wife He Loved and Hated.

He found the door open and lights burning inside. He also found the bodies, decorously reposing like marble statues, one on the bed, the other in the tub.

The surgical scissors still dangled from the fingers of Dr. Nolan's right hand. In searching out the motives which might have led him to stage this quiet melodrama, police, of course, did not overlook the enigmatic good luck charm. Why, at a moment when the average person might have been expected to be laboring under the most intense emotions, had he brought himself off such an object?

What was its history? What did it signify to him?

Mrs. LaVoie was able to shed some light on the matter.

In an immaterial form the charm had entered the doctor's life when he was a boy and had profoundly influenced him from then on. He saw it first in a dream, when he was eight years old. It seemed at the time a magical thing that would give its owner powers similar to those Aladdin derived from his famous lamp.

Dreaming, he held it in his hand, rubbed it, and the menacing phantoms of nightmare were routed. Strangely enough, this dream instead of vanishing without leaving a trace, as most dreams do, kept coming back. Again and again, through boyhood and into maturity, he saw himself, or the fleshless shadow of himself, clasping the charmed jewel and threading his way, unhurt, among unimaginable dangers.

The image of the plaque became stamped on his mind in such photographic detail that, as time went on, he began to believe in it, not as something removed from this world but as a reality, inextricably bound up with his own fate.

"It exists," he thought. "It's here, somewhere. One day I'll surely stumble on it, and when that happens it will keep me safe in waking life as it has in dreams."

So the world was treated to the odd spectacle of a scientist, a man trained to be skeptical of anything he couldn't feel or see, spending his spare time looking for the materialization of a ghostly piece of jade. The search became an obsession with him. He could no more pass by a jewelry, antique or rummage shop without looking in than the average woman can pass a hat store.

But for years the only result of the quest was that he became a connoisseur of jade, the owner of many exquisite pieces.

Meanwhile, he was proceeding normally in other activities. Son of a well-known surgeon, now living in San Luis Potosi, Mexico, he graduated from Tulane University, in New Orleans, moved to Los Angeles and married an actress named Grace Gordon.

There does not seem to have been anything shadowy or mysterious about this first marriage of his. It glittered rather brightly for a while in the midst of Hollywood's fast movie set and then came to a typical Holly-

wood ending—friendly divorce.

While his ex-wife continued to frequent the same society they had known together, Dr. Nolan withdrew more and more into his practice and his dreams. Between patients, he began turning out weird wood carvings; fantastic drawings of skulls and snarling-toothed demons glaring at innocent maidens; equally fantastic poems. "Certainly, darling, you are wise (he wrote) To be chary of your favor Until thoroughly you scrutinize What Time will bring. If its savor Should not meet your taste, And never quite get over yearnings In a life secure but humdrum To hear the little god singing As your heartstrings wildly strum."

And he left the store with a sensation of soaring through the air, as though supported by the same servile genie who had helped Aladdin rise in the world.

Nothing could harm him now; life stretched out ahead, a broad golden road to a fabulous city where he would have but to ask to be given.

His first request was for an ideal mate. No sooner was it made than he met lovely Viola Larson Pengra, a model, known as "the bubble girl" because of some widely published photographs in which she was seen sporting herself in a bathtub full of soap bubbles.

Had she known the part a bathtub was to play in her later relations with the doctor, she

would no doubt have forewarned her title and incontinently turned down his proposal of marriage. As it was, she did neither.

They were wed and, under the protection of the jade charm, embarked on a brief three months of what some of their friends described as "rapturous misery."

So absorbed were they in each other that they seldom mingled in society. Each had failed once at marriage—Viola, or Kay as she was called, with a Hollywood auditor named Ed Pengra—and they were fanatically determined not to fail again. This, and their joint feeling of superstition toward the charm, lent an unnatural intensity to their love.

They lived in a hot-house atmosphere, in which feeling grew morbid and, unfortunately, where the little differences that are bound to arise between any husband and wife became magnified out of all proportion. There was no middle ground for them, only the heights and the depths, bitter quarrels and extravagant reconciliations.

"Once, after they had only been married a few weeks," Mrs. LaVoie remarked later, "I said: 'Why don't you separate if you can't get along?'"

"I can't leave her," the doctor replied. "This is our last romance." And Kay replied in almost the same words when I mentioned the matter to her."

Where another man might have tried to keep his balance by an occasional game of golf or evening of dissipation, Dr. Nolan would stay late at his clinic, seeking release in work or in those strange carvings, drawings and poems.

One of the last, written at this time, sounded a note of foreboding: ".....I shake Off at Love's fount my thirst for beauty And stop thy lips—when speech of morn and duty Sings them — with kisses! Let us drink Vast and slow delightful draughts and sink From our passion to forgetfulness In the infinite luxury

Most damaging of all to his peace of mind must have been the thought that the jade charm, whose search had occupied him for 33 years, had led at last not to the fabulous city of his dreams but into this emotional quagmire. It had proved a will-o'-the-wisp.

Then came the day a few weeks ago when he did not show up at his clinic at all. In response to an anxious phone call from Mrs. LaVoie, he said:

"I just can't make it—do whatever you think best about my appointments."

His voice seemed airy and relaxed; she could hear sweet music in the background.

On this evidence, plus that of the doctor's sensitivity and the fact that it would be difficult to give anyone who didn't want it an injection of local anesthetic, it appears that they had agreed to a suicide pact, or rather, a murder and suicide pact.

But they were not luxuriatingly waiting for the appointed time; they were passing their last hours gaily, listening to music and, judging from the pile of unwashed dishes later discovered in the kitchen, feasting.

A blank recording found in the open phonograph in the apartment, suggests that he might have been going to let posterity have a verbal suicide note, perhaps a scientific account of death by his ghastly but medically correct method, or some outburst of poetic self-justification.

But at the last moment he changed his mind, merely picking up a pencil and paper and writing, as though it were a prescription:

"Mrs. Nolan's father is A. Larson, Harvard St., Santa Monica. She wanted to know the message that she sends her love and that we both agreed this is the only thing to do. Please notify Mrs. LaVoie. We regret the trouble that this will cause."

But it was all so skilfully done that it really didn't cause much trouble at all.

Mrs. Viola Larson Nolan, Victim of a Neat, Medical Murder at the Hands of the Mystic Surgeon She Had Married Three Months Before.

Dr. Stuart E. Nolan, Eccentric Medico, Who Followed a Dream for 33 Years and Finally Killed Himself and His Wife in a Surgical Nightmare.

DON'T WAIT - VOLUNTEER!

**YOUR NAVY
NEEDS YOU
NOW!**



Painted by Lt. McClelland Barclay, U. S. N. R.

Men are urgently needed! Go to the nearest Navy Recruiting Station today!

America has been attacked! The American way of life—American democracy—everything that America stands for—has been attacked. Our homes, our families and our liberties are threatened.

If you are a red-blooded American, eager to do something, there is no need to wait.



The U.S. Navy has a job for you to do—right now.

The President's Message

In his message to Congress, the President said, "No matter how long it may take us to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win through to absolute victory."

The 300,000 courageous men in the U. S. Navy face a grim struggle—a fight to the finish against a ruthless enemy.

These men—your countrymen—need your help to make good our country's pledge. They need you now... today.

Volunteer to serve "for the duration" by joining the Navy or Naval Reserve now. It is open to any American man who is a citizen between the ages of 17 and 50 who can meet the necessary physical requirements.

What the Navy Offers You

It's your biggest opportunity to answer your country's call—and build your own future. In the first place, you will be released

to civil life as soon as possible after the war is over. And you will be far better prepared to resume a civilian job. Because the Navy offers training in 45 skilled trades and professions—radio, aviation, engineering, photography, welding, electricity and many others. If you qualify, the Navy may spend \$1500 in one year training you to become an expert... and fitting you for a well-paid job when you return to civil life.

Promotions Come Quickly

In the Navy your pay will rise steadily. You can earn up to \$136 a month, plus allowances. And remember, the Navy gives you your board, keep and a complete outfit of clothing—all free!

Special Pay for Trained Men

If you have had special training or know a trade, the Naval Reserve offers you the opportunity to use your knowledge at once! If you qualify (high school or college not necessary), you can join as a petty officer right away—with higher pay and allowances.

Don't Delay... Act Today

No greater privilege is open to young Americans than to serve in the U. S. Navy. Your Navy—the finest in the world—urgently needs you. You will be proud to become a part of it. So don't wait! Volunteer today. Go to your nearest Navy Recruiting Station now!



HERE'S WHAT TO DO

Go to the nearest U. S. Navy Recruiting Station—addresses at right. When you apply, the officer in charge will gladly give you the fullest information and answer all your questions. You will be under no obligation. So tear out the addresses and go to the Recruiting Station without delay. If there is no Recruiting Station in your town—write Main Station (see coupon) for address of one near you.

U. S. NAVY RECRUITING STATIONS

BOSTON, MASS. (MAIN STATION)
New Court House & Post Office Bldg., Post Office Square
SPRINGFIELD, MASS. (MAIN STATION)
Post Office Bldg., Dwight St., Between Lyman & Taylor
Bangor, Me. P. O. Bldg.
Brockton, Mass. P. O. Bldg. Ann.
Claremont, N. H. P. O. Bldg.
Fitchburg, Mass. P. O. Bldg.
Framingham, Mass. P. O. Bldg.
Greenfield, Mass. P. O. Bldg.
Haverhill, Mass. P. O. Bldg.
Worcester, Mass. P. O. Bldg.
Manchester, N. H. P. O. Bldg.
New London, Conn. P. O. Bldg.
Pawtucket, R. I. P. O. Bldg.
Pittsfield, Mass. P. O. Bldg.
Portland, Me. Fed. Crt. Hse. Ann.
Rutland, Vt. P. O. Bldg.
Salem, Mass. P. O. Bldg.

EATING Our Way to Victory

By ROBERT D. POTTER,
Science Editor, The American Weekly

THE gigantic food supplies of the United States and superb medical knowledge of nutrition may soon have us adopting the slogan "Eat Your Way to Victory."

This apparently is one war where there is going to be no food shortage, at least for Americans.

True spices from the Orient may become scarce for a while, but the vital foods are abundant with more than enough for everybody.

So doctors are making the most of their opportunity and pointing out that if the nation eats properly it can work harder, feel better and produce more guns and tanks and planes and have a real hand in winning the war.

Many signs already point the way. At great airplane plants on the West Coast—Lockheed Aircraft Corp. and North American Aviation, Inc.—a vast and controlled feeding experiment is now under way seeking to make mechanics feel better, get less tired and turn out extra planes in a hurry.

The best medical brains of the National Research Council in Washington and the nutrition experts of the Milbank Memorial Fund in New York are back of this test.

If it works it will be tried in other defense plants. Eventually it may be taken into the whole national scheme of nutrition and affect the kind of food we should eat.

Constantly new tests show that your general pep and tired feelings are closely related to the kind of diet you adopt.

A lot of people still don't get enough to eat, but Americans—as a nation—have a pretty good diet. At least in the amount of food they obtain. What is wrong is that a lot of people who can afford it, don't bother to eat a proper diet. That's why, recently, the flour millers started to enrich their white wheat flour with vitamins and minerals which are "ground out" of it in the milling process.

Out of the more than 50,000 workers at the West Coast plants about 1,500 aviation mechanics will cooperate in supplementary feeding tests. They will receive pills of vitamin and mineral concentrates each day at their work. The rest of the time they can eat anywhere, or anything, just as they always have been doing.

At the start of the test the workers will have their complete medical history and status determined. Then, at intervals, they will be checked again and their health measured to see if there is any improvement, or if there are fewer colds, or other ills, that make for poor work and loss of efficiency.

According to the hopes of scientists the 1,500 workers with the enriched vitamin and mineral meals ought to turn out more work and do it better than the workers who receive only the regular meals.

Trying to win a war by eating to better health is a weapon which the United States almost alone is capable of doing. Much as Germany, Italy and Japan know about the benefits of a good diet, there is nothing much



This Young Lady Looks Pretty Tired and Unhappy and Nervous and Jittery—But All These Miserable Feelings May Be Due to a Faulty Diet Which Exaggerates Troubles in the Mind.



The Daring and Endurance of the German Parachute Troops Has Been Attributed to a Popping Up With a Prepared Phosphate Tablet—But America Knows Precisely What These Pep Pills Are.

they can do about getting it. They have been tightening their belts for years and wartime blockades will soon make them feel the pinch on foodstuffs just as they are already pinched on aviation gasoline and oil for their mechanized legions.

One trouble with much past work on nutrition is that it involved mostly the feeding of animals to see what happened. Science knows a lot more about the proper diet for guinea pigs and laboratory rabbits than it does about food for man himself. This crazy situation did not come about because science has been stupid. It is just because you seldom can control human feeding as you can with experimental animals.

However, it has been done with surprising results. Out at the Mayo Clinic, Drs. Ray Williams and H. L. Mason enlisted the cooperation of the nurses to study what happens when vitamin B1 is lacking.

These nurses started eating white bread, corn flakes, sugar, skimmed milk, beef, cheese, egg white, butter, cocoa, gelatin, some fruits, certain vegetables and coffee.

It seems like quite a normal diet, but it is just a little lacking in vitamin B1. It is the kind of diet that millions of people in the nation eat all the time.

After three months of this test one of the nurses developed such disturbing symptoms that the doctors had to take her off the

lar jobs because they could no longer do their tasks. They were sensitive to noise, could not sleep, were tense and had headache and backache.

Based on these Mayo Clinic studies Dr. Russell Wilder, high in the council of medical circles, has declared:

"Malnutrition presents a greater danger than any Nazi propaganda, and may undermine our national defense."

Iron, too, is going to help win the war. Mention iron and you naturally think of shells and tanks and ships, but iron, too, is helping win the war in the diet.

One of the leading concerns making armor plate for tanks, the American Rolling Mill Co., has a special section producing nothing but refined iron suitable for the enrichment of bread and other foods.

This refined powder, called FERRUM REDUCTUM, used to come from Sweden, but American scientists have long known how to improve on its production.

Iron is made ready for addition to bread by dissolving it in sulfuric acid. Ferrous sulphate results. This salt of iron is powdered and converted to iron oxide by the addition of heat. Finally the iron oxide (that rust) is reduced to a finely divided powder by heating in a stream of hydrogen.

Most large bakeries, like those serving the chain stores, are not yet using vitamin and mineral-enriched flour but prefer to add these reinforcing agents with the yeast and mix it with white flour.

Still another vitamin component of the diet is nicotinic acid which helps prevent the disease of pellagra. Ever since it was announced that bread would be enriched with nicotinic acid a lot of people have erroneously been thinking that an effort was being made "to enslave" everyone to the tobacco habit

diet and, with vitamin, bring her back to normal. The other nurses were able to go on the diet for from four to six months.

According to published reports, the nurses became inefficient in their work. They were inattentive to details. They were confused in thought and uncertain in memory. Many of them had to be taken off their regular

What helps make the confusion is the similarity of names and because, if you burn or oxidize nicotine with nitric acid, you can create nicotinic acid. But by the burning, you destroy and transfer all the poisonous properties of the nicotine into things that are good for man.

What probably needs to be done is to change the name of nicotinic acid. Call it antipellagra acid, or anything which will stop confusion in people's minds about it.

In a nation at war the whole idea of better diets is to make people feel better, have less sickness and do more work. The problem is one of overcoming fatigue, nerves, the jitters and that tired feeling. Special drugs can do it, too.

Everyone has heard the rumors that the Germans gave their troops "pep" pills in the sustained assault on France, Holland, Belgium and the Maginot line in the Summer of 1940.

While this was a merely rumor at the time, it is now believed by the American truth to it. What the Germans may have used is no secret, but is known to every nation.

In the newest issue of War Medicine, published by the American Medical Association, there is a whole summary of all the different kinds of food and drugs which can be used on troops to resist fatigue.

The Army Gets Its Meat, Tons and Tons of It. Nearly a Pound a Day for Each Man, and Thus Helps to Build Strong Bodies for Better Fighters.

New Feeding Tests in West Coast Air Plants Seek to Find the Perfect War Diet, and the Discoveries Will Make Us All Stronger and Feel Better After Peace Comes Again as Well

The use of drugs is based on the idea that a lot of people are never as tired as they feel. A lot of tiredness is just mental, as witness the business man who gets tired at the office where he never walks 100 feet all day long.

The mental, the psychic, part of tiredness can be overcome by a good "pep" talk. Every football coach knows about this one. Other people will sport remarkably after taking some harmless "pep" pills in which they have faith.

Such mental spurts are possible because most people live and work on a plane far beneath their peak capacity. They only think they are working hard and could accomplish twice as much if they had to.

Doctors do not recommend that normal people in normal times should seek their pep from drugs and special pills. But they are fully aware of the possibilities.

Thus most juice extract is known to be stimulating to people suffering from the depressing effects of great exertion.

Sugar, gelatine, vitamin B1 and calcium are among the substances which have been recommended as "pep" material for spurts of extra energy. But all favorable effects seem to occur only after long time feedings of these substances. And then the evidence is disputed.

Reports on German experiments with the phosphates are most interesting. Some German scientists have reported a 20 per cent increase in worker output on taking sodium biphosphate. Also, there comes a feeling of freshness and buoyancy amounting to the euphoria of a very mild drunk.

Experiments at the U. S. Public Health Service with industrial workers show that phosphates do not seem to increase the output of the worker. But the workers do feel better.

If the German troops used any pep pills in the assault on France they were probably pills of phosphates. If the Germans fought no better for having had these pills, at least they probably had more zeal for killing. In contrast to the lackadaisical French army of 1940, the Germans thus would appear to be super men.

Small doses of alcohol, and drinks containing caffeine, amphetamine and coca leaves all permit greater physical endurance because they tend to lessen the feelings of fatigue. None of these things increases muscular strength, but they do increase staying powers.

All of them, however, are just tricks to evade nature's warning of that tired feeling. They may be all right for emergency conditions but cannot be recommended for the long haul of routine, regular work.

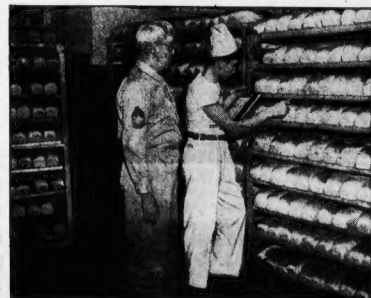
In wartime they might be tolerated for special emergency conditions as with an air raid listening post which cannot be relieved on time. But it is dangerous to take them regularly.

All the temporary medicinal measures for relieving fatigue are known to American doctors. You can be sure that they will be used in wartime with combat troops as needed.

But have no fears that the nation is going to be dooped up for this war.

Much more is to be gained by an improved diet with the right kind of foods and vitamins and minerals.

That is the reason for the West Coast experiments on feeding in the aviation plants. Later results may be applied to the whole nation. If they turn out successful, America truly may be eating its way to victory.



Nobody Gets a Better Diet Than the American Soldier, the Flour for Whose Bread Is Fortified With Vitamins and Minerals—Looking Over the Bread Rations of One of the Camps.

FOUR MONTHS OLD— AND A VETERAN FLIER



"Junior Pilot" Was Only Four Months Old When This Picture Was Taken—But He Was Already a Veteran Army Flier.

THERE may be dogs in the world who have spent more hours in the air than a little cocker spaniel who answers to the name of "Junior Pilot"—but for his age he is undoubtedly the flyingest canine alive.

This remarkable pup is the

property of Lieutenant Eugene A. Wahl of the 26th Pursuit Squadron, based at March Field, California, but he is the mascot of the entire outfit. He goes wherever they go, on the ground or in the air.

When Lieutenant Wahl first

got the pup he was a little leery about taking him off the ground, and made one short trial flight to see how Junior Pilot reacted. He loved it.

The next time the Lieutenant got orders to take his ship up on a training flight the dog ran along beside him and, by his barking and eloquent tail wagging, made it perfectly plain that he wanted to go, too. He went—and he has been cloud-hopping with Lieutenant Wahl and other members of the 26th Pursuit Squadron ever since.

It doesn't make any difference to Junior Pilot what type of ship is going up. He is equally at home in an open cockpit plane or a cabin job, in trainers, pursuit ships, light bombers, or flying fortresses. He'll pass up a good meal to add a few more hours to his already remarkable flying record.

Junior Pilot is not yet, official-

ly, a member of the United States Army—as some dogs have been—either as an enlisted man or as an officer. But he is a definite fixture in the 26th Pursuit Squadron as the blackboard in many an army flying field. Operations Room around the country has testified—for whenever Junior Pilot goes aloft the initials J. P. are chalked on the board to show that he is a member of the crew. More than once Lieutenant Wahl has put him down as the Junior Pilot on long and dangerous training flights.

Just what will happen to the remarkably air-minded cocker spaniel if his outfit goes into the war zone is a topic of serious discussion yet to be decided. Wahl thinks it wouldn't be fair to the pup to ground him and, at other times, it seems to the Lieutenant and the other members of his squadron that it would be better to give Junior Pilot a fur-



This Photograph of the Gentle-Faced Mascot of the 26th Pursuit Squadron Is No Publicity Stunt—the Pup Would Rather Fly Than Eat and Has Gone Aloft in Every Type of Military Plane Including the Army's Flying Fortresses.

though if the ships in which he makes almost daily flights are ordered to the Orient.

Tender-hearted civilians who

might be moved to try to save Junior Pilot from the dangers of his exciting existence would be doing the pup a great dis-service.

He's never so happy as when he's roaring through the air in one of Uncle Sam's fastest high-flying fighters.

DAD GUMMIT! I KNEW I'D
GET REAL HOMEMADE
NOODLE SOUP IF I
YELLED LOUD ENOUGH!

IT'S A CINCH WITH LIPTON'S! I JUST ADDED IT TO
A QUART OF BOILING WATER—AND COOKED IT
7 MINUTES!



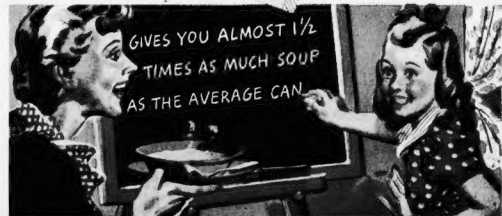
NEW SOUP! GOLDEN NOODLE SOUP! RICHER IN CHICKEN-Y FLAVOR!

Tastes like the old-time homemade kind!
Cooks in 7 short minutes!

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED anything like this grand Lipton Soup... except out of an old-fashioned soup pot!

It smells and tastes like the real homemade... yellow as gold, rich in chicken-y flavor, with oodles of fresh-cooked noodles

in the deliciously seasoned broth. All the "makings" are in the envelope, specially blended and prepared by Lipton's for quick cooking. And it takes only 7 minutes, and a quart of boiling water to get 4 to 6 big bowls of old-fashioned-tasting soup!



BUDGET BOON! Bigger bowls of rich steaming soup! One 10¢ Lipton package gives you much more soup than you get from the average can... almost one and a half times as much. Keep several packages of Lipton's Noodle Soup on hand. You'll save!

LIPTON'S CONTINENTAL
NOODLE SOUP MIX
MADE BY THE LIPTON TEA PEOPLE

HATE TO ADMIT
IT—BUT MY OWN
RECIPE NEVER
MADE SOUP AS
GOOD AS THIS!

AND THINK
HOW MUCH TIME
AND TROUBLE
LIPTON'S SAVES!



Where Men Hunt Foxes By Remote Control

TO people who don't understand about such things, the strangest sport in America is indulged in by the foxhunters of the Missouri Ozark Hills. These gentlemen do not ride to hounds nor do they carry guns to shoot their bushy-tailed quarry. They just sit around a campfire and enjoy the hunt by remote control, in a manner of speaking.

Anyone who thinks that this is a silly diversion or the antics of men who are just too lackadaisical to go in for the exertions and the thrills of fox hunting just doesn't know how the sport is conducted in this part of the country.

The hunters know what's going on every minute—when the fox is jumped by the dogs, whose dog is leading the chase and whether the hounds are pressing the fox or are being outmaneuvered by Reynard. The hunt is as exciting to them as though they were galloping over hill and dale on horseback to be in at the kill.

When the dogs begin to "give tongue" the stories stop and the hunters cook their ears to find

out exactly what is going on. The music of yelping hounds provides as much information about the hunt as though the men were going along with their dogs.

In the Ozarks dogs don't bark—they mouth. And there are more than a dozen distinctive kinds of mouthing. The hunters listen for the dogs to "Turkey" (sound like a barnyard gobbler), to "Wild Goose," "Chop," "Squawl," "Squeal," "Contra-Mouth," "Fine Mouth," or "Hab-bie." These sounds tell the hunters just exactly how things are going out there in the dark, where the fox is being hard-pressed or is well out in front. The hunters can tell, on the minute, when the fox has eluded the dogs and is hiding up for the night. Then the men "horn" their dogs with a steel horn bugle, stamp out the fire and head for home.

One of these veteran foxhunters is Mr. L. P. Gingery of Rushville, Missouri, who explains his hobby in these words: "We hunt with our ears and can follow a chase as closely as though we were riding after the hounds on horseback. We don't kill foxes. We're their friends. There's no fun in a dead fox and a red fox, if he isn't crippled, will run ahead of the hounds for a long time—and provide men like myself with a heap of enjoyment."

How Her "Smart Friends" Led Lord Buxton's Frisky Daughter into Jail

The Honorable Lydia, 19, Turned Very Dishonorable When She Forged Mama's Name to Those Checks, So She Could Keep Up With, and Help Out These Bright But Useless Idlers Whom All London Has Learned to Despise



The Hon. Lydia, Who Discredited Her Title by Forging Her Mother's Name.



It Would Be Nice to Caption These Pictures: "From Jailhouse Scrubwoman to Cafe Butterfly," But, Unfortunately, in Lydia's Case the Progression Was Just the Opposite, and She's in the Jug for Six Months.



It Was Considered a Gay Frank Buck in the 1930's When the Bright Young People Left a Costume Ball, to Dig Up One of London's Busiest Streets—But They Aren't as Bright Any More or Their Franks as Funny.



Lord and Lady Noel-Buxton, Lydia's Parents, Who Are Too Old-Fashioned to Understand the Philosophy That Led Their Daughter Astray.

sorted. People were getting around four dollars a day for doing what they were about to do for nothing, but they didn't mind. It would give the humdrum, alga-bees something to think about.

And maybe it didn't! By the time the police arrived, a big enough incision in the asphalt had been made to lay bare the entrails of Piccadilly. Morning traffic was held up for hours. With horns tooting and delayed business men fidgeting in the backs of stalled cabs, the city fathers met and decided that the vandals responsible for the outrage should pay for the repairs.

So the vandals, glorying in the publicity, paid, and that was that.

As the years went by, the Bright Young People grew tarnished and older, but it appears no wiser. Even under present war con-

ditions, their shabby remnants continue to carry on in the fine old traditions of the 1920's.

They are to be found in the smart hotels and restaurants still, doing no work, giving no aid to their country, using nothing, in fact, but drinking and indulging in every extravagance. It takes more than a war to sober up an ex-Bright Young Person.

And when funds run short, they are ready to go to any length to make up the deficiency. Petty thievery, check forging? Mere bagatelles. Money's a bore, of course, but you've got to have it to have fun, so why bother how you got it?

This was the philosophy to which the Hon. Lydia was exposed, and which knocked the stuffing out of her title.

Under its influence, she first of all plunged deeply into debt. Her parents tried to head her in a different direction by cutting off her allowance and making her earn the money that the English call a *ward* in Chancery. That meant that her funds were tied up and doled out by court order.

But, unfortunately, instead of acting as a restraint, this measure simply set the stage for her downfall. She was a wilful girl and felt that she was being unfairly treated. The money was her own, wasn't it? Well, if they wouldn't let her have it, she'd get hold of it anyhow.

The death of her favorite brother seems to have steered her in this mood. He had gone through the fighting in France, got safely away from Dunkirk, and then, after all that, had been killed in a riding accident in the safe English countryside.

Perhaps, if the tragedy had taken a less ironic form—if, for instance, he had died a war hero—the effect on his impressionable sister would have been different. As it was, it apparently struck her as vivid corroboration of her friends' belief that life was a mug's game anyhow.

So the Hon. Lydia embarked on her brief career of crime. Crown Counsel Michael Butt

described its beginnings to the court. Last July, he said, she was living in an apartment at Chesham Place, London. From there she telephoned to the Co-operative Stores, at Cromer, representing herself to be her mother's secretary.

She said that Lady Noel-Buxton was staying in the neighborhood and asked if the Stores' manager, who had performed such services in the past, could cash a check for her. The manager agreed and was told that a chauffeur would be sent over with the check.

Then Lydia got in touch with a London Automobile Hire Service. When the chauffeur, driving the car she had ordered, called at her apartment house, he was handed two envelopes by the porter. One contained instructions for himself; he was to drive to Cromer, deliver the second envelope to the Stores' manager, on no account to say that he had come from London, and return with what the manager gave him.

Though crude, to a skilled, underworld eye, the scheme worked. The chauffeur exchanged his second envelope for a packet of cash and, returning to Chesham Place, asked for Lady Noel-Buxton, for whom he thought he was acting. Lydia came to the door and, after counting over the money, which came to the equivalent of £200, peeled off several notes to pay for the car and the chauffeur.

After that she spared herself the need of hiring any more cars by buying one, with another check forged in her mother's name for about \$2,000. Four more checks flowed from her lively pen during the next three weeks, all for comparatively trivial amounts. On two of these she managed to collect cash money, on another, nothing, and on the last, which was sent to an inquisitive tradesman in Aylsham, Norfolk, nothing but grief. This man made inquiries and got in touch with the police.

At the time of her arrest, Lydia's criminal balance sheet showed a net profit of one automobile and four hundred-odd dollars, of which half was out on loan.

Lydia's lawyer did not fail to impress on the court the smallness of the sums involved, as well as the fact that the car had finally been returned and the money repaid. Moreover, he pointed out that while she had signed her mother's name, she had made no attempt to duplicate Lady Noel-Buxton's signature.

"So discovery was as certain as night follows day, because as soon as her mother received her passbook from the bank the affair would come to light. The girl herself told the police that she knew she was doing wrong but thought she would only have her mother to deal with. That was a very different kind of forgery from one by a person who hopes to get away with it without being discovered."

While her gray-haired, distinguished parents nervously paced the corridors of the ancient Shirehall court at Norwich—the court where the greatest previous sensation had been the divorce case of the present Duchess of Windsor against Mr. Ernest Simpson—Lydia stood in the dock, awaiting the judge's decision on her lawyer's plea.

The husky prison warden and warder, standing on either side, made her seem, by contrast, a frail, lovely child with a mass of golden brown hair and a sad face. She had evidently been too stunned to take much interest in the proceedings so far, and now, as the judge pronounced sentence, she merely turned a shade paler.

"I am, as usual," said Justice Hawke, who is esteemed one of the most humane judges on the English Bench, "to say that you should not be punished as the law requires. I do not think I should be doing justice if I left you unpunished."

"I propose to make that punishment as light as possible, but I think it is right that I should be. But I have to remember that I have to deal with persons who do the same kind of thing and when caught, I suppose, like most criminals, are exceedingly sorry. How am I to deal with them, if I were to treat you in such a sense that you can choose your own punishment?"

With which, he ordered Lydia to spend six months in prison, a place where, by some egregious miscarriage of justice, she will probably find few Bright Young People.

BODIE in RED

by Jonathan Stagge

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

"PUT, Dr. Westlake, that's incredible. Who would have any reason for wanting to kill Norma?" said David Rowley to me when I told him the police believed that lovely red-haired Norma Hale had been deliberately murdered. This conversation followed her strange death the day before in rural Kenmore where I lived with my young daughter, Dawn.

Norma had called and told me she and Libby Brompton, a friend, had done something terrible in the past, that she was pursued by a man in a yellow taxi and feared she was going to be murdered in revenge. She felt sure that Libby, found dead in Bar Harbor months back, had been murdered for she had warned Norma that the taxi driver had threatened her and sworn to settle with Norma and Toni next. After Norma left I went to Fallowfield, her nearby home, to talk further, taking Dawn. I met Persia, Norma's divorced mother, now Mrs. David Rowley. Mrs. Rowley's sister Grace, wife of Judge Salter, Norma's red-haired twin sister, Karen, David, and Oliver Church, who was to marry Norma next week. They were hanging Christmas lights on the driveway trees.

Soon Norma galloped up the drive, screamed and toppled to the ground. I glimpsed a yellow car down the drive. Norma was dead, her neck broken and a strange bruise on her throat. Later, Dawn showed me where a wire had been strung across the drive. I told police Inspector Cobb Norman's weird story and agreed to help him solve what looked like a deliberate murder. He ventured the theory that the taxi driver might have strung the wire and scared Norma into galloping to her death. While a hunt for the taxi driver went on, Karen denied to me knowing anyone called Toni. Later, Francis Hale, the twins' father, recently married to Libby's mother, advanced a new murder motive.

He said Samuel Shipton, father of Grace and Persia, had left a trust now yielding a \$80,000 income to them. His will stipulated that \$20,000 a year be paid to each of three grandchildren on marrying or reaching twenty-five. Two years ago, he revealed, Jimmy Salter, Grace's son, was engaged to Karen, but he was killed then in an accident and now Norma was dead in an accident. He declared if someone was murdering Shipton's grandchildren for profit, Karen was in great danger. Mrs. Rowley showed me a letter from Hale to Norma warning her that Oliver really loved Karen. I assured her Norma could not have read it. I began to wonder about Oliver's emotional life. While I talked to him a little later, Karen burst in and he called her Toni. She showed open fright. I had worried about danger to her as Shipton's last grandchild, but never dreamed she was Toni, last on the taxi driver's revenge list.

After I left her and Oliver, Rowley halted me, and it was then I told him the police believed Norma had been murdered. I cited the Shipton will and Jimmie's death. "You don't mean you think Jimmie was murdered, too?" he asked. "That's the idea," I said. He was appalled. When I got home, Dawn told me a man had called, borrowed paper and written a note, taking it to Fallowfield. His description fitted the taxi driver. I remembered his threats and hurried after him, fearing Karen was in mortal danger. At the house, Hale's new wife told me Karen had rushed out and handed me a note she had dropped, demanding she meet the writer "in the old shack by the quarry." Oliver said it was an old sap-house, up the mountain. "We've got to reach it right away," I urged. "It's a matter of life or death." Rowley got flashlights. Oliver took charge. Hale, Rowley and I followed him anxiously.

And Now Go On With The Story.

XIV

WE left the house behind and the snowy lawn. Church seemed to be heading toward a gently rising treeless piece of snowy pastureland. Beyond, I knew, stretching up the sloping side of the mountain, were the thick, wild woods.

It was odd how none of them asked questions in those first breathless minutes. But that seems to be a common human trait. Just as bystanders instantly join the running crowd when someone calls "stop thief," so the three men from Fallowfield seemed to find my urgency sufficient reason for their own.

At last, however, I heard Francis Hale, his voice jerky through shortness of breath: "What's the idea of all this, Rowley? Where are we going?"

"It's Karen," Rowley replied. "I don't understand. A note came for her from Doctor Westlake. Apparently it was a fake. He thinks she's in danger. He..."

"Karen in danger?" Hale cut in, and then called aloud to me. "What is it, Westlake?" There was anxious concern in his voice. "What is all this about?"

I thought of the queer position of those two men who had both been Persia Rowley's husband and who both knew, although each thought he was the only one, that Norma had been murdered. I called back, "You'll know in good time. Just take my word for it."

And, curiously enough, they were satisfied. We were in the snow now. It was possible for me to keep up our initial speed, although Church, with a sort of silent ferocious persistence, was way in front of us. His flashlight, getting smaller and smaller, winked ahead like a little beacon, guiding us on.

Rowley came up to me, "I know the way. Follow me. There's a narrow trail ranging through the high, dark trees which loomed above us, making the darkness thicker.

The three of us pressed on, trying to catch up with Oliver. There was a strange, stifling sensation about being encircled by that infinite army of trees. The air was sweet with the scent of spruce. The gradient grew steeper and steeper. Every now and then there

were deep drifts where the trees had protected the snow from the thaw. Once I stumbled over an exposed root and almost fell. Hale, behind me, knocked into me. He was panting now.

"It's not much further," said Rowley. Oliver Church's light ahead had entirely disappeared. I was praying he would get there in time. Because I was certain then what had happened. The taxi driver had summoned Toni, just as he had summoned Libby and Norma—and probably Jimmie Salter, too.

From that summons none of the other three had come back alive.

"Look out!" called Rowley. "There's an old stone quarry ahead. We have to bear left, go around the side of it."

His light veered left. We twisted after him. I was trying to keep the image of the taxi driver out of my mind. I was trying not to think of what we might find.

The going was so steep now that we had to cling onto spruce branches every now and then to skirt the quarry.

Rowley was a little ahead. Then Hale lagging behind.

"Just up here and..."

Rowley stopped.

I pushed past him toward the little sap-house. The others followed vaguely, all of them except Oliver. I stepped over the threshold.

It was scarcely more than a ruin. It reeked of staleness and disease. I swung my flashlight around. A few rotting beams of wood, a few indistinguishable pieces of rusty metal. Nothing else.

"Oliver's right," Rowley had joined me. "Not a sign of anyone."

Francis Hale had sunk down on one of the old beams. He looked greenish, all in.

"If you're expecting her here," he panted, "maybe she just haven't arrived yet. Maybe..."

He broke off. We all swung round. Because it was then that we heard Oliver's cry.

It was hoarse, desperate, and it echoed wildly around the dark hollow clearing.

For a second I couldn't move. There was something paralyzing in that cry, that despairing reiteration of the one word:

"Karen.... Karen...."

But I shook myself out of my anaesthesia in a moment. I was dashing toward the door of the sap-house. Rowley and Hale were close on my heels.

I was out in the darkness of the clearing again, running recklessly following my own beam of light.

At first there was nothing but that impenetrable darkness ahead. Then I saw Oliver's flashlight, swinging around to face us.

"I only hope it is a wild goose chase."

I was at his side in an instant. The others ran up too.

"What is it? What's the matter?" Church's face was crumpled, completely out of control. Slowly he turned the path of his flashlight around.

I saw that we were all standing at the extreme edge of the plateau. Below us, tumbling almost vertically down, was a steep, story slope.

"The quarry!" breathed Rowley. We stood there. All our flashlights moved to follow the direction of Church's. They were all pointing down that jagged, precipitous slope where rocks and stunted spruce pushed up through the blinnet of snow.

Of the three of us, I think I was the first to see her.

In spite of myself I found a little startled cry forcing its way through my teeth.

I could see her in the flickering illumination, see the crumpled body in the fur coat sprawled fifteen or so feet down the snowy slope, see the red hair grotesquely vivid against the sharp side of an upthrusting rock.

Karen had kept her appointment.

In those first moments Rowley, Hale and I were petrified into inaction. It was Oliver Church who broke the spell. Grimly he swung his little body over the brink of the quarry and started climbing down toward Karen, gripping his flashlight in one hand, clinging on to the slippery rocks and stunted trees with the other.

The sight of him helped me get a hold of myself. Calling to the others to stay where they were and keep their flashlights pointed at Karen. I scrambled down the perilous slope after him.

I tried to keep myself from thinking too much. But there was a nightmare quality about that short, treacherous descent. In the intimate light of the electric torches, Karen's limp figure, enveloped in the fur coat, seemed grotesquely vivid—the one real thing in a world of coldness, sharpness and darkness. I was obsessed with the idea of reaching her

and yet each uncertain move I made in my fumbling progress increased my feeling of doom.

Oliver reached her first. I could see him, propping himself against a dwarfed hemlock, bending over her, his one free hand going out to her.

I shouted: "Don't touch her until I get there."

He started, and stared up while-faced. He let his hand drop to his side.

I was with him in an instant. It was difficult to get a foothold. Somehow I managed and then knelt down in the snow by the girl.

Memories of a similar scene yesterday evening when I had bent over Norma were cruelly clear in my mind. I was prepared for the worst.

It was the snow-banked rock which had broken her fall, I realized. If it hadn't been for that, she would have pitched another fifty feet or so into the heart of the quarry. My fingers, cold and numb, moved to her wrist, searching for her pulse.

To my amazed relief, it was beating regularly.

So the worst hadn't happened after all!

Oliver was crouched at my side. He whispered hoarsely: "Doctor, how—how is she?"

"She's alive," I grunted. "And unconscious. That's all I know at the moment."

I made a hasty examination, but miraculously I could detect no broken bones. It was safe, therefore, to lift her up.

"Help me to carry her up to the level ground," I said.

Oliver obeyed in a flash, bending forward, putting his strong young arms under her shoulders. I took her legs. It was no easy matter. But eventually the two of us managed to scramble and stagger up the steep slope to the plateau with our burden.

Rowley and Hale hovered around us agitatedly.

"How is she, Doctor?"

"She'll be all right, I think."

We carried her into the sap-house. That seemed the best thing to do. We laid her down on the bare rotting floorboards. The other three pointed their flashlights downward. I dropped to my knees again for a more thorough examination.

A few minutes confirmed my initial diagnosis that no bones were broken. There were scratches on her arms and legs and a bruise or two—and a distinct abrasion on the back of her head.

To me that abrasion seemed to explain everything. Someone had knocked her on the head and pitched her over into the quarry. The rock, padded by the snow drift, had broken her fall. Even so, if we hadn't ar-

(Continued on Page 16)



"Help Me Carry Her Up to the Level Ground," Said Dr. Westlake. Oliver Put Strong Arms Under the Unconscious Karen's Shoulders and the Two Men Managed to Stagger Up the Steep Slope With Their Burden.

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Japan's Black Dragons — Our Truly Hellish Arch-Enemy

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By JOSEPH GOLLOMB,
Author of "Armies of Spies."

ON THE MORNING that Japan struck at America a snarling Tokio mob milled about the United States Embassy there. The only unimpassioned figures in that mob were exactly a score of men, strategically spaced throughout the gathering.

Every one of the twenty wore a voluminous overcoat and a broad-brimmed hat that hid all of the face except the beard, black, long and curling.

Japanese as a rule do not wear beards as black, long and curling as these, yet every one of the twenty was a Japanese. Moreover, the beards were obviously false, yet just as obviously they were not worn for disguise.

Many a member of the mob glanced at these impressive figures but no one did so for more than an instant. For even children in Japan know that it is not wise to stare at a member of the Black Dragon Society, as the mob knew these to be by token of the oversized coats and hats and the glistening black beards of dyed silk.

For over fifty years the Black Dragon Society has held Japan in a grip of such terror that not even the so-called "Son of Heaven," the Emperor, is immune to it.

In fact, the Black Dragons openly boast they are above the Emperor and can at any time overrule his edicts. It has ruled by virtue of the kind of men admitted to the Society, their single-minded fanaticism and their deadly efficiency as assassins. For over fifty years the Black Dragon Society has made Japanese history, and every chapter of it was written in the blood of men, women and children of other lands.

The head of the Society is a slight, neatly built man, ninety-two years old, Mitsuru Toyama. His small, seamed face has the color of ivory yellowed with age, his eyes are hard as agates, his thin sensitive lips look as if any moment they would snag on the sharp and gleaming canines that show when he smiles, or when he utters a characteristic snarl that lasts but an instant.

His short and silky-

looking white beard used to be black and curling.

He sleeps only four hours out of the twenty-four, eats as sparingly as a saint in religious ecstasy, and spends half his waking hours before a small gold shrine in his little wooden house outside of Tokio.

The rest of the time he devotes to interviews with members of the Society, never with more than one at a time, except at the weekly meeting in Osaka of the Black Dragon Society's council. One hundred and forty-four chiefs, never more or less, attend these council meetings. Every one at the meeting is swathed in a great black silk kimono with a round white disk on the back. Not a face is visible, for it is the will of Mitsuru Toyama that the members of the Society shall be as little known to each other as possible and that all the reins of control shall pass through his yellow, bony hands.

On their part the members of the Society, most

of them young officers of the army and the navy, feel little fraternity toward each other, but a complete fanaticism for their chief. He incarnates for them the Japan of their dreams, dominating the world; and they dream they are as eager to die as most people are eager to remain alive.

It was not until 1904 that the Black Dragon Society got its name and won its first fame. A band of frenzied fanatics united on a program to push the Russians back over the Amur River that borders Manchuria on the north. Rendered in Japanese, the Amur River is "Kokuryuke," or Black Dragon River.

The Japanese people did not want war but this band of fanatics plotted and prodded, lied and inflamed public opinion, and dragoned those in power to vote for it until tension exploded into the Russo-Japanese War. Japan won the war and territory, the Black Dragons won the awe of the Japanese, and its chief plotted further conquests for Japan.

His only program was conquest by war. But a people as a whole cannot live by war alone and many an elder statesman rose to power by feeling, as the vast majority of the Japanese people did, a desire to live in peace

with the other people of the world.

Prime Minister of Japan, Hara, was one of these spokesmen for peace. At a conference in Washington the leading naval powers of the world met and agreed to limit the race for bigger and ever costlier navies.

Prime Minister Hara signed the Washington Naval Treaty that limited the growth of Japan's navy, along with other navies. He returned to Japan and a state banquet was tendered to him. One of the guests leaned over to him and whispered something. Hara stared at the little man who dared suggest that the Prime Minister publicly repudiate all that he had striven at Washington to achieve in the way of peace.

The little man with the ivory face and the winn of beard returned Hara's look of anger apparently with resignation. But on each side of the small man a young Japanese officer watched his face, saw the slight movement of those agate eyes, and rose as if to leave.

Simultaneously they approached Hara, one from each side as if to bid a courtly goodbye. Simultaneously the two took out the knives they wore as part of their formal costumes. One of the young men plunged his knife into Hara's back, the other slit his throat. The stricken executed as expertly as a surgeon's wielding of his scalpel.

In the uproar over the assassination a hundred hands clawed at the killers. Then the two young men turned their knives on themselves and committed suicide as deftly as they had killed.

The Black Dragon Society was serving public notice that the Washington Treaty was an obstacle to the "divine mission" of Japan to grow great. Hastily



Members of a Party by the N. A. Human

The Strange Secret Society Headed by the Sinister, Cynical and Wholly Inhuman Old Man of Ninety-Two Who Boasts He Is Stronger Than the Emperor—And How It Decided Upon War With Us Back in August, Then Cunningly Sparred for Time to Prepare Its Treacherous Blow While Its Puppets Lulled Us With Dreams of Peace



Mitsuru Toyama, the Head of the Fanatical Black Dragon Society, at the time of the Russo-Japanese War Which He Helped to Start.



Emperor Hirohito, the So-Called "Son of Heaven," in His Robes of State in Which He Declared War Against the United States as a Puppet of the Black Dragons.

"For Over Fifty Years the Ninety-two-year-old Man Behind the Black Dragon Society Has Made Japanese History, Every Chapter Written in Blood, In a Ruthless Effort to Fulfill His Dreams of World Conquest."

too was added to the roster of the dead on the gold-and-bronze tablet.

Prime Minister of Japan, Tsuyoshe Inukai, declared that the Black Dragon Society was a menace to the lives and liberties of the Japanese people. He was a man of hypnotic eloquence. A few nights after his passionate exhortation of the Black Dragons exactly a score of young military and naval officers burst into his home.

Inukai advanced with a poise and grace that fascinated the youths. "There is always time to kill me," he said quietly. "The evening is young. May I not tell you briefly, quietly, why I am entitled to your respect even if you kill me?"

Fascinated they listened, young zealots who heard for the first time a patriotism as passionate as theirs, reason that differed from theirs. In the midst of hushed attention two of the visitors rose. They gripped Inukai by the shoulders while a third cut the Prime Minister's throat.

A public uproar voiced terror and rage. If such notables as Baron Dan and Prime Minister Inukai could be murdered at the will of a single man then

it was either an end to a people's right to rule themselves, they felt, or it must be death to the Black Dragons. Supported by the public furor, agencies of the law brought the assassins of Baron Dan and the Prime Minister Inukai to trial.

It took two years to do it.

General Araki, Minister of War, publicly declared that the accused were moved by honorable motives and passionate devotion to their country. A petition for clemency for the accused was sent to the judges, signed by a million citizens of repute. More than a thousand signed in blood.

Nine packets, identical in their silk-wrapped boxes, also reached the judges. When these were opened each revealed that a little finger had been cut off a human hand. With each came the same message. "I send you part of myself in protest against criminal charges made against honorable youths. Convict them and I will have the rest of my body sent you in protest."

The prisoners received sentences of only two years in prison. Pleased with the work of the defense attorneys the Society presented each of them with a gold dragon ten inches high, covered with black enamel, the eyes made of agate, and the wings tipped with rubies and emeralds.

Bolder grew the Black Dragons until they no longer confined their pressure to individuals but to the government as a whole.

The ivory-faced old man with the agate eyes wished to speak to the people of Tokio over the heads of the party in power in Japan. He conceived a way of his own of communicating what he wanted to say. He called two of his lieutenants and gave instructions.

One of them went to the managing director of a big Tokio department store. "A great man and

patriot has accorded you the privilege of letting you help him speak to the people of Tokio. Your share of the project will be simple. You will provide—" He named the equivalent of six thousand English pounds sterling.

The managing director swallowed hard at the amount of money he would be expected to "contribute." But he promised.

The other messenger went to Commander Yamaguchi, inspector of aviation at the Yokosuka naval base. "You will be furnished with thousands of leaflets and a score of bombs. You will take them up in one of your planes and at the proper time and place release the bombs to attract attention, and the leaflets to make the message clear."

Commander Yamaguchi, like the manager of the department store, was appalled at the "privilege" accorded him, but like the other man he dared not say no.

But when the time came for them to carry out their promises to the Black Dragons the department store head and Commander Yamaguchi defaulted. They went, instead, to the small wooden house outside of Tokio known as the Shrine of the Little Great Dragon. They found Mitsuru Toyama at devotions before his small golden private shrine. He listened gravely, sympathetically, to their pleadings and granted their prayer. He allowed them to disembowel themselves.

Frustrated for the time in his effort to "speak" to the people of Japan, Toyama turned to action. He divided his followers—the number of which has never been known—into bands of "god-sent troops."

One was to put to death nine notables, including Count Makino and Baron Wakatsuki, who had signed the London Naval Treaty.

The second band was to capture the police headquarters of Tokio. The third band was assigned to break into the meeting of the National Cabinet and murder every member. Other bands were to set fire to different parts of the city.

Fortunately the police learned of the plot and the Dragons found out that the police knew. The project was not abandoned, only postponed. Meanwhile there was another man for the Dragons to "discipline." He was Admiral Okada of the Japanese navy. He had spoken out against the plotters and been given high place in the war ministry. His chief aide was General Nagata.

The Admiral came to the War Office for the inauguration into his new duties. When the formalities were over an aide hurried to the Admiral and whispered to go at once to Nagata's office.

The Admiral hurried there to find his adjutant sprawled out in his chair, his throat slashed. The sword that did it was still in the hand of the man that did it, standing over the dead man. It was one of the Admiral's own staff officers, a lieutenant-colonel, member of the Black Dragons. Before the eyes of his chief and in the presence of the body of his victim the lieutenant-colonel committed hara-kiri.

Keyed up to high pitch by their leader every member of the Black Dragon Society became a source of contagion to spread his fanatical dream. Hundreds, then thousands of young military and naval officers became convinced that the political atmosphere of Tokio was polluted and must be purified.

In the dawn of February 26, 1936, three thousand soldiers and officers were marched to the railroad station, where they were to be sent to Manchukuo. They were commanded by Captain Norakura, a member of the Black Dragons' high council. At the railroad station the regiment suddenly faced about. At a shouted order it reformed into companies of sixty men each. The

leader of each company received a written order. Then every company marched off to carry out its assignment.

It was still early morning and the streets of Tokio suddenly resounded with the rhythmic tramp of hobnailed boots. Before police and government officials could marshal their forces, Captain Norakura's companies had seized government offices, police stations, cable, radio and telephone headquarters, and posted machine-gun squads at every important crossing of Tokio's main streets.

Other companies went to the homes of individuals. One machine-gun platoon ranged in front of the home of Japan's Prime Minister, Admiral Okada. The Black Dragons had warned him to behave but he did not heed the warning.

With fifty rifles and machine-guns pointed at every door and window of Admiral Okada's mansion, the officer in command called, "Come out! Our country needs your death!"

There was no reply from the house.

"At the count of three we fire, and your house will be desecrated!" the captain shouted.

The front door opened and a short, stout man in an admiral's uniform appeared in the garden. He stopped by an ornamental goldfish pool.

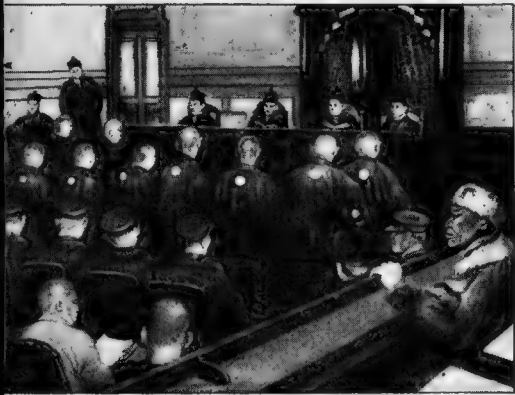
"I am here," he said.

Machine-guns chattered and the admiral's uniform turned red as he sank into the fish pool.

"The traitor who was Prime Minister is dead!" the captain shouted.

He did not know the tense debate that had

(Continued on Page 15)



The Black Dragons in the Ceremonial Room of the Society, on Trial for the Murder Minister Who Defied Them. Their Sentences Were Surprisingly Light, Caused Perhaps Silk-Wrapped Packages the Judges Received. Each Contained a Little Finger Cut From and the Threat That the Rest of the Body Would Follow in Case of a Conviction.

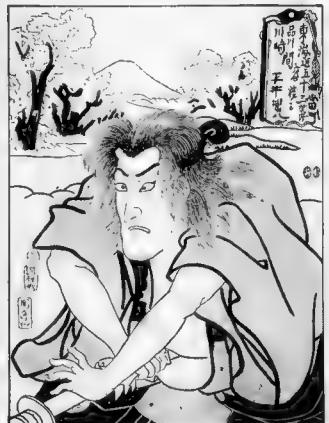
a Japanese Government withdrew from the treaty.

Another Prime Minister of Japan, Hamaguchi, agreed to the London Naval Treaty that also tried to limit a worldwide naval armament race. Things began to happen to him. He lost his premiership in 1930 and a year later was murdered by members of the Black Dragon Society.

The following year it was Finance Minister Japan, Inouye, who defied the Society and opposed the demands of the army and the navy for vast outlays of money. Once again knives in the hands of members of the Society met in the body of an opponent, and Inouye's name joined the rest engraved on a gold-and-bronze tablet at the Black Dragon headquarters.

The House of Matsui is reputed to be richer than the House of Morgan. Baron Dan was its head and when Baron Dan spoke Japan listened. Baron Dan criticized the adventure of the military in Manchuria. It was bad for business, he said, and bad for the peace of the world.

The Black Dragon Society listened and did not like what he said. A month later his name



Hara-Kiri, the Japanese Way of Saying "Is My Face Red?" This Method of Disemboweling Oneself Rather Than Apologizing or Facing the Consequences of a Mistake Is Considered the Bright of Good Taste in Official Circles.

AMERICA GOES ALL OUT—FOR LACE



American women have shown a polite and restrained interest in lace for a long time. But it wasn't until the war put a stop to imports of lace from the factories and the homes of France and Belgium that this country went in for the production of lace in a big way.

The ingenuity and the enterprise of American lace makers, plus the services of capable publicists, may start a fall of lace fashions that will spread from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the top of the head to the tip of a stiletto heel.

The photographs on this page show only a few of the more interesting bits of the vogue. lace ornaments are the hair, lace corsets, shawls with rhinestone and lace motifs something like those seen in the picture above. When this country launches a vogue it is likely to go all-out and it has certainly done so in

its present enthusiasm for lace—the fragile and beautifully patterned material has even been used to ornament slippers for evening wear, which slippers of course, are supposed to be augmented by lace stockings. One of the photographs on this page shows such a delicate and delicate combination.

The fashion creators never can be sure that their inspirations will be taken up by their potentially vast mass in a big way, but they are more often right than wrong and they do their best to see that every hoped-for vogue gets off to a good start and is carried to the attention of its possible disciples from one end of the country to the other.

During the past few weeks some of the bright feminine stars of Hollywood have made public appearances wearing gleaming little lace bows in their hair and attached to the bottoms of their celebrated ears. Some of them have even appeared in trimly tailored lace gowns with shoes to match.



In Mode, as the French Used to Put It, Has Gone Lacy from Head to Foot. The Picture Above Shows a Shoe Fashioned of a Translucent Material Covered with Delicate Lace, and a Stocking of the Same Ornately Wispy Fabric.



The Pretty Young Woman in the Photograph Above Is an Ardent Disciple of the Vogue for American-made Lace. She Even Has It in Her Hair and on Her Ear Lobes. The Picture at the Left Is a Close-up of One of Her Earrings.

The Chimp That Was a Chump

ANTHROPOLOGISTS 200 years ago believed that the most human of the apes.

Today this is the picture of the very slow on the right who spent a

day with a pretty bathing beauty at Tahiti Beach, Florida. The chimp's name is Bubbles and he lives in the Miami Monkey Jungle. His companion, Miss Blanche Barnett, reported that Bubbles just munched apples and declined to make friends



Miss Blanche Barnett, the Council Girl in the Photograph, Spent a Whole Day at Tahiti Beach, Florida, Trying to Make Friends with a Chimpanzee Named Bubbles—and She Didn't Get to First Base.

WOMEN AT WORK—FOR THEIR UNCLE SAM!



They're running farmers' tractors—they're at a factory bench—The hands that rock the cradle wield a nifty monkey wrench.

They're wearing pants and jumpers made of denims and of drills—And the dirndlest-looking dirndls made of sturdy cotton twills.

GIRLS: Oh, aren't we cute and snappy in our cover-alls and slacks? And since the tags say "Sanforized" we'll stay as cute as tacks!

For clothes' defense, it's smart to know the label "Sanforized"—It means your duds are safe in suds, and won't shrink out of size.

The tag says one per cent's the most the goods can ever shrink—And that's so next-to-nothing that it leaves you tickled pink.

GIRLS: Oh, we used to buy 'em roomy and we used to look a fright—But now, for not an extra cent, we always look just right!



↓ SO CAN YOU—AND EVERYBODY!



If your own job is cooking while your cook's gone on defense—A Louie dress labeled "Sanforized" will make a lot of sense.



Your men (the doers) have had for years the "Sanforized" protection—In work clothes first, then shorts and shirts, they found this shrink-correction.



In clothes for work, in clothes for play, in clothes to do your bit in—Look for the label "Sanforized" to keep a perfect fit in!

FOR PERMANENT FIT... LOOK FOR THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL

SANFORIZED

—Insist on this trade-mark when buying a Compressive-Shrink fabric. It signifies that the residual shrinkage will be less than 1%, conforming to tests and standards established and supervised by the owner of the trade-mark.

EXTRA FUR COATS FOR CUSTOMERS WHO GROW THEIR OWN

Buck May Not Need Her—Yes, Buck Is a Lady—Spare Fur Coat But She Wears It With Remarkable Poise.



Making Buck's coat was not a hit-or-miss job. Miss Luben called on her father's crack designers, who cut the fur jacket in such a way that the tea under the dog's neck and body would not chafe or rub when she walked—yes, Buck is a lady in spite of her masculine name.

Miss Luben who has modeled many a fur coat herself, believes the idea of putting dogs in fur jackets has many advantages. Not only does it keep the dog warm in sub-zero temperatures, but it focuses attention on the woman herself.

Although the average woman cannot afford to buy a fur coat for her dog, the idea still has possibilities in that her old coat can be salvaged and cut down to fit Pido just as Paws' pants double as Junior's.

Any further can do the job

In the Photograph at the Right, Buck's Mistress Is Trying On the Fur Coat Which Is a Mate of Her Own Luxurious Creation of Australian Opium.



of converting the old seal skin into a snappy jacket for the dog—or any housewife handy with the needle can fashion it herself. The only thing to bear in mind,

the designers warn is that it must be made right to stay on and not chafe the canine wearer. Tests on Buck show the dog has no objection to the fur coat.

THE old adage about a wolf in sheep's clothing has taken a new twist in the case of Buck, a thoroughbred police dog, who is pioneering in the new-fangled fad of fur coats for dogs. The idea of giving the ancient proverb a fresh slant was originated by Buck's mistress, pretty Norma Luben, daughter of a New York furrier, who outfitted

her blue-blooded pet with a fur coat matching her luxurious garment. From a style point of view, the idea is new, presaging a possible fad. The idea, however, of putting fur coats on dogs is not entirely new. Arctic explorers sometimes throw fur pelts over their sledges during bitter weather, when the animals rest.



The Shepherd Dog's Warm Winter Outfit Is No Hit-Or-Miss Job—the Animal Was Carefully Measured for the Garment.

How American Working Women Spend Their Money

DR. THURSTON H. ROSS, Director of the University of Southern California's Bureau of Business Research, has surveyed the budgets of 5,000 California working women in all occupations to find out what they spent their money for and how they make both ends meet.

The average earnings of all women interviewed was \$19.21 per week, with those in the minimum brackets making \$16 a week or \$506 a year, and those in the highest class getting \$22.33 a week or \$1,116.50 a year.

One of the surprising things that Dr. Ross discovered was that the women in the higher wage group claimed more money about their need for more clothes than those who earned only \$16 a week. Those who spent least had no complaints to make about the quality and the quantity of their clothes.

The women interviewed worked in industrial firms, restaurants, beauty parlors, laundries, department stores and offices. About half were employed in industrial occupations, while one-fifth were waitresses and less than two-fifths were sales girls. About 79 per cent of the women lived at home. They were married or were single girls living with their parents. Only self-supporting women were included in this study.

"About 88 per cent of the 5,000 women interviewed said they were making enough to maintain a decent standard of living," said Dr. Ross. "Twelve per cent stated they needed more money and it is a fact that out of this twelve per cent, almost all were making more than the average wage of those interviewed—\$18.21—and a few were making less."

"As for board and room, the entire group paid an average of \$4.76 per week for rent, while the minimum wage group paid an average of \$3.68 a week. About half of the girls who rented board lived alone; the rest with mother girl. The average weekly board bill of all those who paid board—was about 90 per cent of all—was \$5.50."

Dr. Ross found that the annual average wage of \$950 a year was spent for these major items:

Board, \$286.12; room, \$247.92; transportation, \$46.12; dresses, \$33.75; amusements, \$20.40, and stockings, \$19.32. Among the minor items, the expenses were like this: drugs and cosmetics, \$15.19; beauty parlor, \$14.88; books and magazines, \$6.90.

Many of the girls, especially those earning minimum wages, did not expect to work for long at the same job, but hoped for more wages, or a chance to get married and stop work.



"Nobody's trying to make you a goat!" coaxed Elsie

THEN why," demanded Elmer, "am I the only one around here who has to make New Year's resolutions?"

Elsie, the Borden Cow, explained: "My resolutions all have been made for me. Long ago—by the Borden experts and scientists who make sure that I always lead a pure and blameless life."

"Some life!" grunted Elmer. "Do you think I'd let myself up for anything like that in writing?"

"It's a wonderful life!" Elsie protested. "I love knowing that it helps me to bring purer, better Borden's Milk to people. And heaps of pure, delightful things

"I see," frowned Elmer. "Back to your milk and cream again. Well, what's next on my good resolutions?"



"You might try being good to children," Elsie suggested. "So that mothers learn to look up to you and trust you—the way they do Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk. It's the secret of lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes." Elsie ignored Elmer's



husbandly grunt. "And its Silver Cow premium labels can be saved for lovely free gifts."

"I never realized before how improving good resolutions could be," snarled Elmer.

"I'm so glad you're being sensible," Elsie beamed. "You can also resolve to develop the sweet side of your



that are made from that milk. It proves that good resolutions are certainly worth-while."

"I presume," said Elmer, sarcastically, "that you have in mind a few suggestions as to what resolutions I should make?"

"Yes, indeed," Elsie replied happily. "First of all, you should resolve not to lose your temper any more. Keep cool—the way folks do with Borden's Ice Cream. Though I think they principally like it for the smooth, pure lusciousness it gets from such grand milk and cream."

character, Elmer. Everyone loves sweetness—particularly the scrumptious sweetness of the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made with Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk."



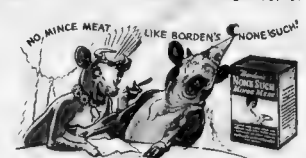
"You're not afraid, are you," rumbled Elmer menacingly, "of overdoing my Great Reform? Perhaps I shouldn't try too suddenly to give up all my old habits."

"We must all make sacrifices," Elsie blithely encouraged. "I know I feel fully rewarded for some of mine every time I see a creamy, golden-custard piece of Borden's Liederkranz—one of the noblest of the distinguished family of Borden's Fine Cheeses."



"It must be nice," Elmer growled bitterly, "to be so cocksure everything good under the sun is the result of your own goodness."

"I don't feel that way at all," corrected Elsie. "I feel it's Borden care and Borden skill that make everything that's Borden's so good. I don't happen to have anything to do with Borden's No. Such Mince Meat. But no one ever tasted a fragrant, juicy,



spicy mince pies than None Such makes. . . Now, Elmer, won't you sign your resolutions—right here?"

"NO!" bellowed Elmer. "I refuse to be led by the nose! I refuse to be bulldozed!"

"You're being bullheaded," Elsie told him. "It's by being reasonable and listening to others and taking good advice that millions of people have learned to their joy . . . if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads—illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six, suitable for framing, 7 1/2 x 7 1/2 inches. Write Elsie, Dept. 2E, Post Office Box 54, New York, N.Y., enclosing 10 cents.

In Canada, address Borden, Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ontario



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RED-SCALY SKIN?
watch out for this
SKIN IRRITATION

Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

First applications of wonderful soothing medicated liquid Zemo—a doctor's formula—quickly relieve the intense itching soreness of eczema, psoriasis and other annoying skin irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Amazingly successful for over 30 years! Apply anytime—doesn't show on skin. First trial of clean, stainless liquid Zemo convinces! Only \$64. Stubbins cases may need the \$1.25 Extra-Strength. All drugstores.

ZEMO



American Milliners Seem to Have Outdone Themselves in Creating the Becoming Hat So Prettily Displayed in the Photographs at the Left and Above. For Watching Sporting Events the Crinkled Brim Shades the Eyes, and With Its Brim Turned Up, the Same Hat Is Appropriate for the Cocktail Hour.

THE NEW UP-AND-DOWN HATS

WITH the tragic fall of France, the style capital of the world suddenly shifted 3,000 miles across the Atlantic to the United States which for many years had been producing American-made fashions that were attracting universal attention and admiration.

Uncle Sam's growing group of able and imaginative designers demonstrated that they are particularly adept at creating the kind of millinery that catches the feminine eye and fancy. The photographs on this page are pleasant proof of this fact. The two pictures at the left show what Yankee ingenuity can achieve when it sets itself to the job which, not so long ago, was more or less the exclusive occupation of the widely publicized couturiers and modistes of Paris.

This is a two-purpose, or up-and-down hat which can properly and prettily be worn around the clock. At the racetrack or any other sporting event its trim and crinkled brim shades the face and looks very much like a streamlined version of the familiar sunbonnet.

When the last race is over or the third man is out in the ninth inning, the woman can instantly transform her party and leisure hat into a hat for the office by turning up the brim.

Such hats are a happy combination of the best of both worlds. They are becoming, in fact, one of the season's best sellers. By tightening or loosening the brim, the hat is changed from a party hat to a business hat. The other, shown on this page, is a hat which, even more easily, can be changed from a party hat to a business hat. It is a hat which, even more easily, can be changed from a party hat to a business hat.

the present conflict—didn't get around to using the parachute as an inspiration. But they did dream up hats which were at once becoming and patriotic.

Some of these creations were refined versions of the familiar Overalls Cap. Others were obviously copied from the trim and veined caps of French officers and another was a smaller and streamlined adaptation of the swaying Rusby worn by certain British regiments.

At the moment New York City seems to be the center of made-in-America millinery, but some of the newest and best creations are coming out of Hollywood. This development was expected from the first because many of the world's best foreign and native fashion stylists are in the movie capital to design costumes and chapeaux for the stars and the lesser lights of filmdom.

Many an American matron who used to think that the only chic and correct hats come from Paris has found out during the past few years that the home product is good and getting better all the time.

You can taste the difference!

One sip—and you'll know you've found your favorite in California orange juice! It has an extra fine and tempting flavor... a special richness born of year-round sunny days and cool nights—fertile soils—and scientific feeding and watering of the trees!

You can see the difference!



You can see the richness, too—in the deeper, sunlit golden color of California orange juice. You can even see it before you buy—in the naturally bright and golden skin of the fruit itself! And to verify the verdict of your eyes and taste...

Science proves the difference!

Laboratory tests show that nature fortifies California orange juice with a greater wealth of important food essentials. It gives you more vitamins C and A, more tooth-and-bone-building calcium, in every glass! It is a good source of vitamins B₁ and B₂. For extra health as well as extra enjoyment—start the day right with fresh California orange juice for all the family!

The Navel means SEEDLESS



Best for Juice—and Every use!

This is the season for California Navels—the seedless oranges so easy to peel, slice and section. They are perfect for appetizers, salads and desserts, for garnishes and breakfast slices. Mail the coupon for the free booklet of more than one hundred ways to enjoy them.

To be sure of top quality, ask your dealer for oranges trademarked "Sunkist" on the skin. They are the finest from 100,000 cooperating California and Arizona growers. Best for Juice—and Every use!

PUT HEALTH IN THE LUNCH BOX

Because they peel easily and divide cleanly into juicy, seedless sections, California Navels are ideal for school and workday lunch boxes, as well as for between-meals and bedtime eating.



Sunkist

CALIFORNIA Navel ORANGES

Sunkist, Dept. 730, Sunkist Bldg., Los Angeles, California
 Send FREE "Sunkist Orange Recipes for Year-round Freshness."
 Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 P.M., E.S.T.—MON., WED., FRI.

Making War Rations Dramatic

AMERICANS have not been unmindful of the privation and the sacrifice that war has imposed upon the people of Europe, especially the inhabitants of the British Isles. They have been told by radio, newspapers and magazines and the

movies that, across the water men, women and children are on strict rations of food and clothing.

The difference between British and American meals was dramatically spotlighted the other day in Chicago's world-famous Merchandise Mart where, in a giant spoon, more than four feet long and with a capacity of more than a gallon, a week's rations of essential food for an English grownup and an American grownup were placed side by side.

At the moment a British adult gets one egg, eight ounces of sugar, 33 cents worth of meat and two ounces of butter a week. The average American, by comparison, consumes five eggs, more than two pounds of sugar, two and a half pounds of meat and six ounces of butter every seven days.

Many visitors to the Merchandise Mart, even though they had a rough idea of the difference in conditions of life here and abroad, were amazed when they saw the facts of food rationing graphically presented.

The people who studied the big spoon and its contents learned an important lesson in dietetics, too. It seemed to them that a full-grown person just couldn't do a hard day's work on such short rations.

England is well off, however, compared with the occupied nations of Europe and its powerhouses are seeing to it that the civilian population does not get down to anything like a starvation diet.

Of course the giant spoon does not contain everything that an Englishman takes into his stomach over a seven-day period. This allotment of essential foods is augmented by milk, vegetables and cereals which provide a more or less balanced diet. Millions of Europeans would find life much more worth living if they could eat as well as the English do.



THE LARGER PORTION OF FOOD IN THE GIANT SPOON SHOWS THE AVERAGE AMERICAN'S WEEKLY RATION OF BUTTER, MEAT, SUGAR AND EGGS. THE SMALL PORTION IS WHAT AN ENGLISH GROWNUP IS ALLOWED FOR THE SAME PERIOD.

Brush Away GRAY HAIR
and look 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Now at home, you can quickly and easily tint your hair with a natural-looking shade of color. No salon treatments. No fuss. No mess. Just a small brush and a little time. The result is a beautiful, youthful glow. Used for 30 years by millions of women, this hair color is safe, healthy, and gives you the look of youth. It's the only hair color that doesn't wash out. Just brush on, and your hair is done. No rinsing. No drying. No fuss. No mess. Just a beautiful, youthful glow.

Write for your free trial kit of this hair color. No charge. No obligation. Just a small brush and a little time. The result is a beautiful, youthful glow.

Write for your free trial kit of this hair color. No charge. No obligation. Just a small brush and a little time. The result is a beautiful, youthful glow.

THE KENTON PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
Without cutting, shaving, or using any other hair removal method, this cream will remove loose hair. It's the only hair removal cream that's safe, healthy, and gives you the look of youth. It's the only hair color that doesn't wash out. Just brush on, and your hair is done. No rinsing. No drying. No fuss. No mess. Just a beautiful, youthful glow.

Write for your free trial kit of this hair color. No charge. No obligation. Just a small brush and a little time. The result is a beautiful, youthful glow.

TO THE GIRL WHO'S KNOWN FOR HER NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Care for your hair with the reliable Cuticura. It's the only hair care product that's safe, healthy, and gives you the look of youth. It's the only hair color that doesn't wash out. Just brush on, and your hair is done. No rinsing. No drying. No fuss. No mess. Just a beautiful, youthful glow.

Write for your free trial kit of this hair color. No charge. No obligation. Just a small brush and a little time. The result is a beautiful, youthful glow.

THE absorbing features in this and other issues of The American Weekly are made fascinating by an editorial style that is not only interesting but very subject it touches.

"CRISCO gives me LIGHTER CAKES"
says famous Iowa cake PRIZE-WINNER

Grand Championship Ribbon won by Mrs. V. S. Hanft at Tri-State Fair for her Crisco cake. She says: "24 blue ribbons, all won in a year, should prove that Crisco cakes are lighter!"

CHANGE ONLY YOUR SHORTENING!
Discover that New "Sure-Mix" Crisco gives you lighter cakes than any other shortening!

Want your cake to be marvelously light and high beneath its crusty frosting? Want your cake to drift through the soft, fine-textured layers? Well, then—do just one thing...

Use New "Sure-Mix" Crisco instead of the shortening you have been using—and you'll get lighter cakes than with any other shortening we know of—even the most expensive!

Only Crisco gives "active" blending. A special process makes Crisco the only shortening you can buy that gives "active" blending. You'll see what this means when you mix your cake batter! It's the only shortening that blends together—they're more completely blended. Why, "active" blended batters look smooth as satin!

Yes—and Crisco's "active" blended batters give you lighter, higher cakes, too, than ever before. Such grand eating! Just watch your family's blissful expressions as they taste the first delicious bite!

And—for flaky pies and delectable fried foods, use Crisco.

SAVE ABOUT HALF! Why spend nearly twice as much for cake shortening, when Crisco cakes are so much lighter, so moist, so delicious, too!

NEW "SURE-MIX" CRISCO
AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING ALL-VEGETABLE SHORTENING

NEW! IT'S A DAISY! TRY CRISCO'S LUSCIOUS DAISY CAKE

1 cup Crisco
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 cups sifted cake flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup milk
3 eggs, separated

Blend Crisco, sugar, salt, vanilla. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Stir large quantity of batter in separate bowl. Add well-beaten egg yolks. Pour White Layers fold well-beaten egg whites into remaining batter. Bake in 3 "Crisco" and double Dutch layer pans—in moderately hot oven (375° F.). Put together, with yellow layer in middle, using only Crisco.

"STAY-SOFT" CHOCOLATE FROSTING:
Mix 1/2 cup cocoa—4 tablespoons cornstarch—1 1/2 cups sugar—1/4 teaspoon salt. Add 2 cups milk. Cook until thick, stirring often. Remove—add 1 teaspoon butter and 2 teaspoons vanilla. Cool. Arrange frosted almonds in daily clusters with yellow gum-drop centers.

WANT CRISP, DIGESTIBLE FRIED FOODS?—THEN TRY THE CRISCO WAY!

AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING ALL-VEGETABLE SHORTENING



SPATCHA
Dear Almanack:
I am another of Almanack's friends and when the Sunday paper arrives, the first section I read is The American Weekly and first in that section is the Almanack. It is so interesting to read recipes from every corner of the globe and all recipes and hints are written so plainly and method of mixing explained so fully that anyone can follow them. It takes the place of cooking school for me because while going over them, I can just imagine I see the test kitchen and hear the "ohs and ahs" of Mary Lee Swann and helpers when they see and taste results of some of the grand recipes they use. So I am passing on to the Almanack a recipe that has been in our family for a long, long time and hope you will like it. Whenever we went to visit Grandma's when our children were small and even now as grown-ups, they usually wrote Grandma to make this dish for them.

2 eggs
1/2 cup milk
2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt
Mix all ingredients together

Amanack Echoes

thoroughly into thick paste. Have kettle of boiling water ready and before dipping into paste, wet your spoon in boiling water. Then cut off small pieces of paste with wet spoon and drop contents into boiling water. Wet spoon each time before cutting off more paste. As soon as all pieces come to top of water, they are done. Place drained pieces in a vegetable dish and pour over all the following sauce:

Put 3 tablespoons shortening (part butter), 1 small onion cut fine and 1/2 cup bread or cracker crumbs into skillet and brown. Or if you prefer you may place cooked spatcha into skillet with 3 tablespoons butter and fry.

Mrs. Elmer E. Wier, Janesville, Wis.

(Mrs. Wier—This dish takes time of portion and is especially good served with lettuce, tomato salad, or cold slaw—Mary Lee Swann.)

DRIED FRUIT GLAZE
Dear Almanack:
You are the best helper-out, when one strikes a snag, in cooking, baking and dressing up the everyday menu. My dad, 70 years ago learned the baking trade and with it an almost forgotten art, that of glazing. Here is a recipe for dried fruit glaze, a very inexpensive one. With it you can dress up cake, plain buns, and meats to something festive. The recipe is:

1 pound dried apricots
Water
Granulated sugar
1 teaspoon rum
Soak the apricots in four times as much water as apricots, for several hours. Then simmer very slowly, until fruit is very soft. Drain off water and add rum. Add 1 cup sugar for each cup of pulp and cook again slowly until it is of jam consistency. Add rum. This may be stored indefinitely and reheated to use a little at a time. I prefer storing this glaze in small jars. And please remember this glaze must be applied boiling hot and with a thin coat with a pastry brush.

Mrs. Irene Blouch, Lebanon, Pa.

(Mrs. Blouch—This is an unusual recipe. We have few of this type in our Almanack and it was the thought of you to send it—Mary Lee Swann.)

PINEAPPLE-ORANGE SHERBERT
Dear Almanack:
We live in one of the large mining camps in Chile and at some seasons of the year find it very difficult to obtain fresh fruits and vegetables. I have found a recipe for pineapple-orange sherbert which satisfies our longing for fresh fruit.

1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
1/2 cup cold water
1 1/2 tablespoons unflavored ordinary gelatine
1 cup cranberry juice
1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup lemon juice
1 tablespoon white corn syrup
3 egg whites
Boil sugar, corn syrup and one-half cup water together a few minutes. Soak gelatine in remaining water and dissolve in hot syrup. Combine fruit and juices and add to hot syrup. Freeze quickly until mixture is mushy. Beat the egg whites until very stiff and fold in partly frozen mixture and return to refrigerator to complete freezing. Serve in tall sherbert glasses, topped with a generous amount of whipped cream. A candied

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS

3412
3410
3444

Pattern 3412—Just the way you want to look. Mrs. Housewife—aim and graceful! Note unexpressed pleats! Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards 35-inch fabric and 5/8 yard contrast.

Pattern 3411—If you're "bleed-evening," wear this frock with adjustable waist. Tuck in the blouse afterwards. Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16, view A, requires 5 yards 35-inch fabric and 5/8 yard contrast; view B, 5 1/4 yards.

Pattern 3410—Let her "Go Dutch" in this charming ensemble... make it in candy stripes with contrast blouse! Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6, jumper and hat, requires 2 1/4 yards 35-inch fabric; blouse, 5/8 yard contrast.

Pattern 3444—Roses, Tulips, Pansies—a whole garden of bright Spring flowers to make your bedspread or a tea cloth gay and colorful—and every one of them easy to embroider! Pattern 3444 contains a transfer pattern of nine 5 1/2 inch wreaths; 7 smaller motifs; illustrations of stitches; color scheme; material requirements.

PRICE OF PATTERNS 15c EACH
Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in coin for each pattern.

It's new—it's smart—and yours for the cost of mailing—our American Weekly eight-page pattern leaflet. Everything from nation styles to live lot frocks. Just send three cents for this new 1942 fashion leaflet.

Address all orders to:
AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 634 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

ARE YOU GETTING ENOUGH VITAMIN C?
VITAMIN C is essential for normal bone and tooth formation and prevents scurvy. Scientists say that when we eat too much vitamin C for a day, it is excreted in our urine. There are many delicious ways to prepare potatoes. Simply consult the helpful Almanack that "Almanack Food Recipes" and other charts available to assist in the selection of your daily menu.

25 Delicious Vegetable Recipes
25 Favorite Pie Recipes
25 Favorite Cake Recipes
25 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
25 Favorite Hot Dish Recipes
25 Almanack Preserve Recipes
25 Almanack Casserole Recipes
25 Favorite Salad Recipes

25 Almanack Candy Recipes
25 Favorite Almanack Recipes
25 Almanack Cakes Recipes
25 New Tackled Recipes
Highlights of Cooking History
Recipes for Successful Parties
Favorite Mexican Recipes

They will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp for each. Write your name and address plainly.

ALMANACK RECIPE DEPT., THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, 909 BROAD AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

TO MEET EACH DAY WITH RADIANT Morning Freshness

TRY THIS AT BEDTIME TONIGHT

IF THE swift pace of these war-time days is wearing you out—if you're losing your freshness and sparkle, waking tired and nervous—you should know that there's a new-found, modern magic food element—power to revitalize morning freshness, the nervous under-ear, and build them up for clear-eyed morning freshness and vigorous, buoyant days.

As you may have read in recent magazines, these new-found food elements are so important that governments throughout the world are changing national diets to include more of them. Warring nations feed them to their armies, to build up physical resistance and sound nerves. Devote them to their captives, to aid physical resistance and undermine morale.

Already our own government is seeking ways to supply more of these elements. For government studies show that 2 out of every 3 Americans aren't sure of getting enough of these vital food-factors to be at their best.

What To Do
In light of these new discoveries, thousands are taking a cup of new, improved Ovaltine night and morning. For Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to do two important things:
First: Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine fosters sound sleep—without drugs.

Second: To build vitality while you sleep, Ovaltine supplies a wider variety and wealth of valuable food elements than any single, natural food. More than merely "vitamin carrier," it provides not just—four or six—but eleven important food elements, including vitamins and minerals—plus a special element—vitamin B₁₂. Significant amounts of Vitamin A, B₁, B₂ and C—plus other essential—complete proteins—all in easily digested food form.

So—if you've been waking tired and listless, turn to Ovaltine—begin tonight. See if you don't soon feel—and look—far fresher mornings—with far more "life" and sparkle. Get a tin, today.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES
OVALTINE, Dept. 642-A-W-2, 309 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Flow and fine samples of Ovaltine and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and new scientific booklet about the new-found miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.)

Address _____
City _____ State _____
Ovaltine
THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

NEIGHBORS SAY TRUCK DRIVER IS "TOWN'S BEST MOTHER"

WHEN A MAN is faced with the problem of being both father and mother to his growing children, he is wise to take a doctor's advice—and give them a tonic food supplement that will not only help them develop strong bones and sound teeth—but also, if they are deficient in Vitamin A and D, likewise help them build resistance against common colds. Scott's Emulsion is highly recommended by so many doctors because it is a valuable, world-known tonic—rich in natural Vitamins A and D... 4 times easier to digest than plain cod liver oil. Good-tasting and economical, too. Buy today at your drugist!

SCOTT'S EMULSION
A Great Year-Round Tonic For All Ages



**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 27 Years**

*The man who has directed the training of more men
for jobs in Radio than any other man in the world.*

Be a RADIO Technician

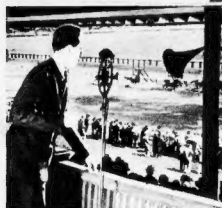
I Train *Beginners* at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

More Now Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week Than Ever Before



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 a week extra fixing Radios in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other interesting jobs that pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation. Job opportunities are increasing in these fields.



Loudspeaker System building, installing, servicing and operating is another growing field of opportunity for N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians.



MAIL THE COUPON! You owe it to yourself to **KNOW** the many opportunities Radio offers you to make more money quickly, and to prepare yourself for a good-pay job after the war. Whether you're eligible for military service or exempt, you should get my big **FREE 64-page Book**, "Rich Rewards in Radio." It tells about Radio's present and future opportunities and how I train beginners at home in spare time to be Radio Technicians and Operators—how I teach operating principles of Army, Navy, Civilian Defense Radio equipment.

MAIL THE COUPON!

Why Many Radio Technicians I Train Make \$30, \$40, \$50 a Week

Radio is one of the country's fastest-growing peacetime industries. It is a vital industry during wartime, too. The 882 broadcasting stations in the U. S. employ thousands of Radio Technicians with average pay among the country's best paid industries. Repairing the country's 50,197,000 home and auto Radio sets, one of Radio's busiest branches right now, is giving new opportunities to Radio Technicians practically everywhere. Many Radio Technicians I trained operate their own Radio businesses. Selling, installing, servicing Radio sets gives good jobs to many. Thousands of Radio Technicians are employed by manufacturers of Radio Equipment, earning good pay and plenty of overtime working on Government orders. Building, servicing, operating Loud Speaker Systems gives good jobs to many.

You Get This Professional Servicing Instrument to Keep

as part of my Course. It will help you make more money by doing better, faster, more professional Radio repair work. It measures voltages, currents; resistance values; has a multi-band oscillator for aligning any Radio set, old or new. For details, *Mail Coupon*.



Why The Future Offers Opportunities To Radio Technicians, Operators

Aviation, Commercial, Police, Marine Radio and many other fields are expanding even during the War, will continue growing afterwards. There will be a big demand for home and auto sets after the War, because of the present shortage. Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronic Instruments and Controls for Industry, held back because of the demand for military equipment, will create new fields of future opportunity. N.R.I. Graduates hold good jobs in practically every branch of Radio today. N. R. I. gives you the required knowledge to take advantage of Radio's present and future opportunities.

Beginners Soon Learn to Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

Part time Radio Technicians have more opportunities now than ever before. In fact, many men I train prefer to hold their regular jobs, and make extra money fixing Radio sets in their spare time. I give you special training and show you how to start fixing Radios early. You get my **6 Big Kits of Radio Parts** and Instructions for building test equipment, for conducting experiments which give you valuable, practical experience.

4 REASONS WHY

You Should Learn Radio NOW!

- 1. RADIO REPAIR BUSINESS BOOMING:** The shortage of new Radios, increased interest in Radio programs, are creating extra new opportunities for full time and spare time Radio Technicians.
- 2. GOVERNMENT SPENDING HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS** of dollars for Radio equipment. Radio factories are working at top speed, creating thousands of opportunities for Radio Technicians to earn good pay, overtime.
- 3. EXPANSION AFTER THE WAR:** Television, Frequency Modulation, Electronic Instruments and Controls are three of Radio's many fields which will offer additional opportunities after the war.
- 4. EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, TOO:** Radio Training offers men likely to enter military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, many opportunities to win, extra rank, prestige, more interesting duty, and earn up to 6 times a private's base pay.



My fifty-fifty method—half working with real Radio parts, half studying my lesson texts—makes learning Radio at home interesting, fascinating, practical.

Find Out How I Train You For Good Pay in Radio—Now!

MAIL THE COUPON BELOW! I'll send my big 64-page book **FREE**. It tells about my Course; the types of jobs in the different branches of Radio today; Radio's opportunities for the future; shows letters from more than 100 men I trained so you can see what civilian and service men are doing, earning. You owe it to yourself to get these facts now. **MAIL THE COUPON** in an envelope or pasted on a penny postcard.

**J. E. SMITH, President,
DEPT. 2AB
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
WASHINGTON, D. C.**



MAIL THIS NOW

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2AB
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

Dear Mr. Smith: Mail me **FREE**, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out Radio's opportunities and tells how you train men at home to be Radio Technicians and Operators. (No salesman will call. Please write or print plainly.)

Age.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

MEN I TRAIN WIN SUCCESS LIKE THIS IN RADIO

Makes \$50 a Week

"I am making around \$50 a week after all expenses are paid, and I am getting all the Radio work I can take care of, thanks to N. R. I." **H. W. SPANGLER**, 126½ S. Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.



\$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I have made an average of \$10 a week—just fixing Radios in spare time. I don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money." **JOHN JERRY**, 1729 Penn St., Denver, Col.



Chief Operator Broadcasting Station

"Before I completed your lessons, I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined Station WMPC where I am now Chief Operator." **HOLLIS F. HAYES**, 327 Madison St., Lapeer, Michigan.



**FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN
GET BETTER JOBS-MAKE MORE MONEY**